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1/- Net MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1924.

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THE
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AUGUST, 1924.

Correspondence

Unemployment

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Prominent among the causes of unemployment is the action of Trades Unions. The effect of their action is best seen in the "Sheltered Trades." In these, by frequent strikes, wages have been forced far above those for equivalent work in other trades.

Under the free play of economic laws there would be a flow of less well-paid labour into these trades; but the unions concerned have blocked the entry of new men, and have also succeeded in preventing the employers from taking on non-unionists.

The doctrine of the Wage Fund allows the influence of overpaid labour on the pay of other labour to be concisely shown. This theory must not be pushed too far, but it is well equal to the strain here put upon it.

It is held that for any short period there is a definite sum of money which will be spent on wages. Hence, if one man gets more pay another will get less. Thus workmen who, from better trade union organisation, get more wages than they are worth leave less available for others, who get less or may become unemployed.

Trades Unions also lay themselves out to reduce the amount of work done, both by shortening the hours of work and by enforcing the principle of "ca' canny." Ca' canny gains the acquiescence of the men, for it is put to them in the form: "If you do less work you give employment to one of your mates." The fact is overlooked that, by increasing the cost of work, demand falls, less work is wanted, and unemployment results.

The rise in the value of money ought to have produced a greater fall in prices than it has done. The usual effects are: lower prices, greater consumption, increased production, more demand for labour and less unemployment.

That these effects have not been produced has been in great part due to the success of Trade Union methods in keeping up the rate of wages. In fact, the interests of Trades Unions and of the unemployed are directly opposed to each other.

Our Labour Government simply dare not do anything to help the unemployed except by giving them more money.

Politicians say a great deal about the effect on unemployment of Free Trade or Protection, as the case may be. As an old Free Trader, I was surprised to find that I favoured retention of the McKenna duties. This led me to re-examine the question.

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The prominent point that occurred to me was: How is it possible for capable and experienced men to differ as to which of two opposed principles will give the best results for the nation?

My first idea was that there might be two solutions to the problem, such as happens in mathematics, in a quadratic equation. I found that this was not so, but that the problem resembled a simple equation which has one solution only. It was, however, evident that there were many such equations, probably one for each group of raw materials or of manufactured goods. It appeared, also, that known quantities will differ in each equation, and will also require adjustments from time to time according to varying circumstances.

It seems, therefore, that Protectionist and Free Trader can each select conditions for the problem which lead to the result he desires, and that it becomes a pure gamble as to which party can persuade the largest groups of electors to believe with it. The interests of the race are ignored, and this economic question has become another of the numerous forms of bribery, the judicious use of which is the modern idea of political science.

It is beautifully easy to argue convincingly in a circle on economic questions, but we have three solid facts which do not admit of argument.

(1) We do not grow enough food for ourselves.

(2) We have heavy annual liabilities for food, and in respect to the American debt.

(3) We have very many unemployed.

From these I conclude: That we should reduce our liabilities to the utmost by taxing all imports except food, raw materials, and articles whose production at a lower price than we can make them would enable us to reduce the cost of our exports.

As the above would make a big addition to our "sheltered trades," Government would either have to regulate wages, or else free labour from the restrictions imposed by Trades Unions.

It is obviously urgent that we should grow more food for ourselves, so as to have less to import and pay for. This would increase employment and reduce the cost of the dole, but would entail import duties, which our democracy will not have at any price. The only alternative would be subsidies. These possibly could be arranged, but would be of no use unless owners and farmers had confidence that they would not be dropped at the first agitation.

Yours faithfully,

J. C. L. CAMPBELL (Brig.-Gen.).

"Christian" Bolshevism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Reference has often been made in your valuable Review to Christian Socialism of the milder-mannered type, but it does not seem to be generally known that a society whose aims are frankly Bolshevist

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exists within the Church. It is called the Catholic Crusade, and is stated to be "a society of people who believe that the objective of the Christian life is to work for the Kingdom of God, or the Co-operative Commonwealth, on earth; and *therefore* to work *against* Capitalism, Imperialism, and any other form of class system and tyranny." Such men as the notorious "Red" Vicar of Thaxted, the Rev. Conrad Noel, the Rev. "Jack" Bucknall, of Poplar, and the Rev. H. O. Mason are amongst its promoters. A novitiate has first to be passed through by those who desire to become members, a vow being afterwards taken to "carry on the true Christian fight at all costs." Examination of the *Manifesto*, a pamphlet published by the Crusade, shows that this is merely camouflage for the most pronounced revolutionary doctrines. Class hatred, theft, and violence are openly advocated, and the rebels of 1381 and 1450 are mentioned as deserving of imitation. Mingled with this diabolical teaching is much talk of morality, religion, and the suffering poor. The whole movement is evil masquerading as good, and can no longer be safely ignored in the hope that it will die out if left alone. The Crusade has already gained many adherents amongst both clergy and laity, and its directors seem to be quite unscrupulous with regard to the methods of propaganda employed.

Yours faithfully,
PRUDENTIA.

Lord Astor on Local Option

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—An anonymous writer sent you a letter which was published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for June. May I draw your readers' attention to the fact that this screed consists mainly of personal abuse? Even if I or my wife were twice as wicked as is alleged, this would have nothing to do with the merits of the policy of the leaders of the Churches or the soundness of the Bill brought before Parliament by the Bishop of Oxford, and backed in a letter to *The Times* by twenty-three Bishops and in the lobby by the two Archbishops. The case against the Bishop's Bill and Local Option must be excessively weak when its opponents evade the real issues, and merely try to create prejudice by hurling inaccurate abuse against those who support the proposals.

Yours truly,
ASTOR.

India and the Lee Commission Report

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—If one may judge from the paucity of comment thereon, the Lee Commission Report appears to have attracted too little attention. That Report, if its main recommendations are adopted, will deal a further blow, probably a fatal one, to the British administration in

India. For the whole tenor of its advice is the further and thorough "Indianisation" of the indispensable higher services. In the first place, it offers to the services a niggardly increase in emoluments, which is quite inadequate to attract fresh recruits, and, secondly, it deliberately recommends the emasculation of those services by reducing the European element in the Indian Civil Service to 40 per cent., in the Police Service to 50 per cent., in the Forest Service to 25 per cent., and in other services to other inadequate proportions. At the same time, it abolishes at a stroke the justly famous Indian Medical Service. Does anyone imagine that even this will be the end, or that agitation will not continue till 40 per cent. becomes 10, and then 10 vanishes altogether?

Political opinion, says the Report, has continued to demand increased Indianisation. Of course it has. But what is "political opinion" but the opinion of a small, interested class, largely composed of seditionists, quite out of touch with, and quite unrepresentative of, the vast majority of the population, whose welfare we hold in trust—that class of lawyers, moneylenders, and landlords which we seem determined to set up as an oligarchy, which will be one of the most oppressive the world has seen? The Report also pleads the Montagu-Chelmsford Report and the Montagu "Reforms" (the Government of India Act, 1919). But, fraught with disaster as that Act may have been, even it never went so far as this Report in the deliberate breaking up of a tried and beneficent system of administration. The preamble of the Act referred to "the increasing association of Indians in the administration," and, in view of this fact, expressed an intention of cautiously testing the ground to see whether in such conditions it would be safe to initiate self-governing institutions. Indians had for long taken part in the administration of village sanitary committees, local boards, and municipalities, had had great influence in the legislative Councils, and official elements had been steadily decreased. The Act took note of a fact, which was "*the increasing association* of Indians in the administration." It did not lay down any policy of "*increasing the association* of Indians," or give any promise to increase that association. Still less did it hold out any promise to increase the association of Indians in the *Services*.

This fatal misplacement of the little word "the" is no doubt sedulously encouraged by "political opinion" in India. One constantly sees the words so misquoted in native newspapers. And it is an astounding fact that this very misquotation occurs in the questionnaire issued in India by the Lee Commission itself!

It is important to note that the preamble makes no mention of the Services, and, indeed, it would have been almost meaningless had it done so, for the Services, the whole executive and judicial administration, were already thoroughly Indianised; only the controlling and supervising functions, whose proper and efficient performance must be always essential to the work of government, were still largely, though by no means entirely, performed by Europeans. It is not the declared policy of Parliament further to Indianise these offices, nor is any promise or pledge held out that such will ever be its policy. It is important to realise this, because, when Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, made

a declaration to this effect, there was an outcry in certain "political" quarters, and accusations were made that pledges were being broken and policies reversed.

The financial argument against the maintenance of the Services will not bear examination. What miserable economy to sacrifice a well-tried and efficient system in order to spare an extremely lightly taxed country some further necessary taxation! And if India could afford European Services in 1900, she can afford them in 1924. She has not been impoverished by the comparatively small part she took in the war; it is more likely that she has been enriched by her trading with the Allies and neutral countries. What has happened is that her standard of measurement of wealth has, like that of all other countries, declined, and that the proportion of her income which she is now paying for the services of the administration is less than what it was in 1900. It is surely the business of any Government to adjust this difference by adequate taxation.

It is most undesirable to adopt any "racial discrimination." The policy of the British Government has for many years (until quite recently) been to recruit its Services on the basis of merit and efficiency. It has had nothing to do with racial discrimination. The so-called European Services are not an exception. Those Services are not really European, in the sense that they are closed to all but Europeans. On the contrary, they have been open to all British subjects, of every race, creed and colour, who could by success in open competition show that they were fit to hold the posts offered. The term "European Services" has been something of a misnomer: in fact, it has been a European *standard* which has been the basis of recruitment for the higher Services. The circumstance that most of the incumbents of the higher posts were Englishmen was due, not to the fact that they were Englishmen, but to the fact that they conformed to the standard. It is most essential to maintain that standard, as Mr. Lloyd George said. But what has the Government been doing recently? It has, in the first place, nominated Indians, out of deference to "political opinion," because they are Indians. Secondly, it has been holding examinations in India, in which the standard is lower than that of examinations held in England for recruiting to the same posts. An Indian judge said not long ago that if the papers of Indians sitting for the Indian Civil Service were sent to England to be marked, few of them would get in. Obviously, the standard of marking in India is lower than in England. The Government of Bombay did in 1919 recommend that identical papers should be drawn up in England for the examination to be held, both in India and in England, and that the papers of the Indian candidates *should be sent home to be marked*. There is only one thing that will save the standard of the Services and abolish the present racial discrimination in favour of Indians, and that is a reversion to the former system of open and equal competition amongst all British subjects. Nominations should cease, and equal and open competitive examinations be held. Papers should be identical, and results determined by one and the same authority. It would be best if Indians had to come to England for the examination, as Canadians, South Africans, or

Australians would have to do. This would ensure more of an English education and outlook, camaraderie with European colleagues, and a more equal standard of efficiency and honour amongst all members of the Services. The fixing of a definite minimum percentage of Indians to fill the ranks of the Services should not be allowed. It is deleterious to the Services and to the efficiency of the administration, and is a racial discrimination restricting the recruitment of the best men available in the Empire.

The "Reforms" with the developments unnecessarily thrust upon them are a reaction towards oligarchy, which, of course, always prevailed in India before British rule. They are detrimental to the vast majority of our Indian subjects, and to the backward classes, who were clear-sighted enough to recognise that the rule of the lawyer and the Brahmin was being set up, and petitioned Mr. Montagu, when he was in India, against the measure. But Mr. Montagu only listened to "political opinion." The present tendency of Governments in India to recruit Indians to the higher Services on the ground, not of merit or efficiency, but that of race, the setting up of a definite standard of recruitment from a particular race, the holding of separate examinations with a lower standard, the outcry of a small class of interested Indians for the elimination of the European element in order to provide what they imagine are comfortable jobs for that small class, are reactionary in the extreme. The British Government in India has for many years been the upholder of freedom, justice for all, and efficient administration, which means administration in the interests of the whole community, and not an oligarchic administration by a small section of the community in its own interests. It has been the enemy of privilege, caste, and vested interest. The Labour Party in office in England is supposed to be, as a certain Indian gentleman has recently said, "itself an organised protest against privilege and prescription, an embodied rebellion against vested interests and caste privileges." What will its attitude be towards the present reactionary tendency in India?

It is an ironic situation that, while we are booming the Empire at Wembley, we should be undermining those beneficent activities of the Empire which justify its existence. Why advertise an Empire, which for the last seven years we have been sedulously endeavouring to break up?

It is surely the business of patriotic citizens, of all who care for the Empire as a beneficent reality, and not as a mere name or a few red splotches upon a map, to oppose the recommendations of the Lee Commission Report, with its miserable doles to sorely tried and hard-worked officers, and its surrender to the "political opinion" of the enemies of England.

Yours, etc.,

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THE
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The Vampires

We live in a time when anomalies and monstrous absurdities are multiplied to an extent which we can scarcely imagine to have been paralleled in any previous age. Thus, in the name of aims of alleged transcendental excellence, we are taking steps leading swiftly to the destruction of all the immense good wrought by 150 years of British administration in India and tending, quite obviously, to bring about that Empire's conquest and subjugation by Japan. With equal virtue on our lips we are undoing all the magnificent work achieved during the last forty years by England in Egypt, and we are handing back the mass of its population to corruption and slavery. Full, still, of pious purpose, we have made (at the instigation, as he has told us, of Mr. Austen Chamberlain) a surrender of British authority, in twenty-six out of thirty-two Irish counties, in favour of a few thousands of ferocious criminals, whose deeds of assassination, mutilation, arson and outrage fully qualified most of them to take their place in the dock beside the murderer Mahon. (Had he only perpetrated his iniquities in Ireland and upon English loyalists, he would still be at large and held in high honour.)

Not content with these exhibitions of superfine morality, we have also confiscated the greater part of the incomes of most of the landed proprietors, who themselves, or whose sons, fought for us in the war. We have not, of course, used such a wicked word as confiscation, but through the polite instrumentality of taxes and rates we have attained the result nearly as completely as it could have been reached if the Bolsheviks, instead of the Coalition Government of Mr. Lloyd George, had been ruling over this country from 1918 to 1922. With noble ardour and profound wisdom still unabated, we have also

thrown away the naval supremacy upon which our people depended, and still depend, for their bread in war and—to soothe the chagrin of the United States at finding half their battleship programme, designed to outbuild us, was a failure—we have hastened to cut down to a level with theirs the fleet which saved us from devastating invasion and rendered possible all the deeds of our armies. Sometimes a book is given away with a pound of tea, and in similar fashion, with scarcely more attention from the general public, our naval power was surrendered by our politicians at the Washington Conference. Yet even this was not enough. Struggling ever to attain a loftier pinnacle of magnanimity, we have abandoned, through the action of the present Government, in refusing to construct the naval dock at Singapore, the very possibility of rendering aid in the hour of their future need to the Dominions in the South Pacific, whose sons streamed forth in a rushing tide to offer their lives in our cause in the epic conflict now temporarily closed.

As a person of ordinary sanity contemplates all these successive wonders, the question is irresistibly prompted why the affairs of the British Empire, during five out of the last six years, have been conducted with a fatuity scarcely surpassable by a committee of idiots in an asylum. The answer is that our politicians have been playing to the gallery of freaks. While the war raged, the faddists, the cranks, the peace-at-any-pricers, though loudly vocal, were yet held in check by the common sense of the community and the grim realities of the situation. If they could have had their way, they would have made Europe the appanage of Germany, and England a province administered by German major-generals. But though the spirit of the nation, roused for once, prevented this consummation, our politicians—and most notably Mr. Lloyd George—were frightened by the shrieks of anger and shaped their utterances to the desires of folly. These politicians babbled. They dared not state the naked truth that we were fighting to avert our utter ruin and slavery, to keep the literal German whip off our skins and to preserve our women from ravage. Instead, they invented catchpenny phrases, equally rhetorical and untrue, such as those of "self-determinism" and "making the world safe

for democracy." We have seen now that self-determinism, construed in terms of fact, has meant the substitution of evil rule for good rule and of corrupt tyranny for honesty and justice. We see also in the hideous overthrow of elementary human freedom in Russia, and in the utter contempt for democratic procedure displayed in strikes in this country, that the other oratorical excursion was equally fallacious.

But while matters vital to England in her external life have been thus sacrificed to a supposed necessity to fulfil policies enunciated in foolishness and fear, the actual existence of her population has been threatened by the surrender made to the trade unions. Placed above the law by the iniquitous Trades Disputes Act passed by the Liberal Government in 1906, these unions have been suffered to become the lords and tyrants of the internal affairs of the kingdom. No longer is individual freedom the goal of Liberalism and of democracy. No longer is Parliament supreme. Organisations, formed originally with the legitimate object of giving to working men the advantage of benefit societies and the power to combine for collective bargaining, have attained an almost absolute national mastery, limited only by the menace of rebellion and anarchy within their own ranks. And because the wild delusions of Karl Marxian Socialism have possessed the minds of trade union leaders, this mastery has become a national curse.

Put briefly, trade unionism, once the means of substantial good to labour, is now making itself the instrument of its destruction. This it is because its whole effect is to increase the cost of production, and to production that increase is fatal. In THE ENGLISH REVIEW it has again and again been pointed out that in the United States, where trade unionism pursues another path, production is about two and a half times as great per head as it is here. That fact, if it remain unaltered, must inevitably, before many years are past, tragically reduce the standard of living of millions of men and women in this land. For since we cannot live without importing most of our food and cannot pay for that food unless we can sell our exports, any rise in prices which makes those exports unsaleable spells in the long run national privation on a gigantic scale. But this

fatal rise in prices is precisely what the trade unions are bringing about. When they strike for higher wages, when they demand shorter hours, and, above all, when they simultaneously restrict—as they do restrict—the amount of work turned out in a given time, they are, as it were, operating a triple-actioned machine for raising prices, and therefore preventing the sale of our goods.

These are facts which can scarcely be denied, and any denial is indeed useless, because the facts remain. But what results? Why, the assured certainty that the trade unions, while pursuing their present policy, are not only the principal cause of existing unemployment, but the inevitable creators of further unemployment, bound to grow greater as we lose our hold on the markets of the world. Yet these same trade unions are making this same unemployment, which they foster and create, their battle-cry in the constituencies. They are actually deriving political profit from the very evil of which they are themselves the begetters. At any moment they could arrest the progress of that evil and set a contrary tide in motion by the simple expedient of throwing the tenets of Socialism overboard and substituting, in all productive industrial pursuits, piece work for time work. For sheer impudence, has there ever been any situation to match this? As one watches the crocodile tears roll down the cheeks of the unions while they watch the ruin and misery which they are themselves occasioning, the only appropriate quotation appears to consist of the words which the Walrus addressed to the oysters whom he was devouring:

> "'I weep for you,' the Walrus said;
> 'I deeply sympathize.'
> With sobs and tears, he sorted out
> Those of the largest size."

We have here the actual results of applied Socialist theory. What that application absolutely involves is the increasing misery of the poor, with the necessary consequence, failing effective recantation, of gigantic catastrophe. Why, in heaven's name, have not the Conservative leaders brought home to the trade union representatives in the House of Commons the direct and tremendous charge to which they are open? While Liberals and Socialists talk—not of any real remedy for our economic woes, but of the expenditure,

in schemes of "social amelioration," of the capital still left to England—why does not the whole Conservative Party point out with one voice the manifest fact that the trade unions and the Socialists are the destroyers of British industry and the vivisectors of the poor? Here, for example, is an instance in a little news-item culled from the *Morning Post*:

ORGANISED IDLENESS IN THE BUILDING TRADE.

Mr. William Woodward, a past Mayor of Hampstead, having over fifty years' experience of the building trade, estimates the loss from ca' canny to be £350 on a thousand-pound house. He states that one-third of the cost of housing is sacrificed by organised idleness.

As a proof of his assertion, he refers to an advertisement inserted last year in certain papers offering £1 per day to men who would lay 1,000 bricks per day on housing schemes. As an outcome of this, a number of bricklayers were found who decided to resign from their unions, and laid 1,000 to 1,500 bricks a day (*i.e.*, from three to five times the usual number).

We have here an epitome of the whole cause of the enormous wretchedness created by the housing difficulty. If the builders' union could be wiped out to-morrow, and if payment by piece work could be instituted, the problem could and would be solved without any further intervention by the State, or any further burdening of the unhappy ratepayers and taxpayers. Are we not justified in terming the trade unions and the Socialists the vampires of industry, who are sucking the blood of the English people?

The person principally responsible for this grotesque situation is Mr. Lloyd George. When the war came, David did not conquer and stand upon the Goliath of trade union greed. He let Goliath stand upon him. In other words, at the very moment when the possibilities of conscription and the roused sentiment of the nation made the forcible restraint of such greed comparatively easy, he yielded abjectly to it. Hence the enormous dimensions of our debt. Hence also the prodigious growth of trade union arrogance and of demands leading to the misery of a million homes and—failing "reaction"—to the absolute ruin of our country. To avert that ruin we must make the nation understand the true import of the vampires' work. To do that is the proper function and the paramount duty of the Conservative Party.

Current Comments

The Greater Question

As we write these notes the result of the Inter-Allied Conference is still unknown. It seems probable, indeed, almost certain, that the recommendations of the Dawes Committee will be put into operation. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished and offers, we believe, the only chance of this, or any other country ever getting anything in the shape of reparations from Germany. Vital as this consideration is to us who have contracted unconditionally to pay our enormous debt to America, it pales into insignificance beside the infinitely greater question of European peace. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

What will it profit us to extract some shekels from a sulky Germany if within a few years she, having first broken Poland, overwhelmed Czecho-Slovakia, and joined with, or conquered, Russia, annihilates France and enslaves England?

We are painfully aware that even the suggestion of such a catastrophe will be regarded in many quarters as evidence of hysteria and a disordered mind.

We submit, on the contrary, that it would be the natural and, indeed, inevitable course of events unless prompt and adequate measures are taken to avert it. Natural, because it is impossible to conceive that a powerful and virile nation, smarting under the humiliation of defeat and the mortification of being compelled to pay for it, will continue meekly to resign itself to such a condition. Inevitable, because such submission is repugnant to human nature, and most of all to a race nurtured upon military tradition, sensible of its own strength and still dominated by a military caste knowing only one law—Might is Right.

We are offered the choice of two alternatives—either a military pact with our Allies, strong and comprehensive enough to strangle German designs of revenge before they can take shape, or a vague reliance upon the good will of our late enemy, supported by the benevolent and impotent decrees of a League of Nations.

We have no desire to depreciate the power for good which may possibly be exercised by that League when the world has acquired a new respect for moral values. We are, however, convinced that those nations which alone in the future may be able to impose upon a world still unregenerate such higher standards of morality must first pass through the fire of further sacrifice before they win the mastery which will enable them for ever to enthrone right in the place of might. If, therefore, that ideal, and at present it is no more, is ever to be achieved, they must be prepared to oppose might with greater might and force with overwhelming force, or it will inevitably be destroyed. We seem in this country lately to have lost our bearings. Public opinion is doubtless dazed by the spectacle, so soon after the war, of our defeatist Prime Minister negotiating with our Ally France on reparations, first promising to go to her assistance in the event of attack, and then repudiating any such promise and falling back on a cloudy reference to the League of Nations. When Mr. Asquith urges the necessity of protecting Germany against France equally with France against Germany, and a journal, *The New Statesman*, which is supposed to inspire our intellectual cranks and perverts, says "in almost everything that matters the French are our enemies, the greatest and most dangerous of our present enemies," it is evident that thought is becoming confused.

As the question of security, of our very existence as a free nation, immeasurably transcends in importance every other subject which occupies the public mind, it is our intention to publish a series of articles upon its several aspects of such authority that they can hardly fail to command attention.

The first of these is included in our present issue, being the major instalment of vitally important notes by Marshal Foch, which the British public has never previously had any real opportunity of considering. They are of absorbing interest. His exposition is brilliant and masterly. His logic is unanswerable, and we earnestly hope that it will carry conviction to that large proportion of English men and women who have not yet forgotten what they owe to his genius.

Safety First.

As we write, the hitch regarding the retention of a proportion of French and Belgian railwaymen on the lines serving the Rhineland and the Ruhr has not been overcome. Our allies insist that this is an essential precaution against a strike or possible sabotage on the part of the German railway staff. The only and unsatisfactory alternative would be the maintenance of a much larger army in the occupied territory. The possibility, or rather the certainty, of the severance of effective communications is one of those material facts which Marshal Foch insists upon as the only things that count in war. We cannot believe that the French demand, tenaciously defended as it would be by the redoubtable M. Seydoux, will be substantially modified. So little, unfortunately, is our attention directed to fundamentals that this hitch has been widely quoted as an irritating example of mere French obstinacy upon a minor point which should on no account be allowed to interfere with the settlement of more important questions. We trust that the French will not be induced to make any concession in this respect. For to yield would be to surrender one of the most vital safeguards of peace.

The Russian Farce

The Russian Conference drags its weary length along. The Government, having foolishly plunged into recognition of Russia and negotiations which can only be abortive, are perhaps as anxious as the Russian delegates to save their faces by patching up some sort of an agreement. The Russians, indeed, announce every few days that they are upon the verge of signing a treaty. They have even had the effrontery to suggest that the £10,000,000 now in the Bank of England which belonged to the Imperial Russian Government would be released to them. We believe that it will be found that Mr. MacDonald's faith in his quondam Russian friends has evaporated in the cold light of hard facts, and that the delegates will not get away with even as much as the expenses of their excursion to London. No power on earth can prevent the collapse of the rotten and criminal tyranny which has ruined Russia. Its doom is inevitable. Every act which helps to keep it on its feet a little longer is only prolonging the agony of the wretched

Russian people which it has enslaved. By arrangement with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* we shall publish next month an enlightening article by Count Kokovstoff, Minister of Finance and later Prime Minister of Russia, before the war, which contains an exceedingly clear and comprehensive account of the liberal and boldly progressive agrarian policy which was rapidly transforming the Russian agriculturists and peasant proprietors into one of the most prosperous and contented communities in the world. It reveals also in all its sordid horror the tragedy of their ruin by the Bolsheviks. Russia might have survived the destruction of her industries, but with her agriculture wrecked she must die, and is dying.

Ireland

It must be dull work to write, and duller still to read, comments upon current affairs in which no word is allowed to enter which might offend the susceptibilities of anyone. Such, however, with but few honourable exceptions, has been the habit of most of those who have presumed to inform the English public upon the course of events in Ireland. Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will recollect that it has not been ours, and we have not hesitated to challenge the complacency of the little group of conspirators in the Coalition Government, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who were responsible for that act of cowardice which should be known as the Irish treason. Mr. Winston Churchill, according to our information, strongly opposed it, and therefore in our view forfeited his claim to the confidence of the Conservative (it is absurd in this connection to use the term Unionist) Party by failing in the courage and honesty to resign upon such a vital issue.

Because we have said what we believe, and know, to be the truth about Ireland, we have received letters withdrawing subscriptions, and violent abuse in the Free State press; also letters of thanks for our outspokenness. We have ventured the opinion that it would not be long before facts which could no longer be suppressed would more than justify everything that we have written. Such facts are presenting themselves with a frequency which must be embarrassing to the authors of the Treaty. Lord Birken-

head, as we showed lately, has already begun to hedge. Of those facts we will mention but a few. The much-vaunted premium on the Free State loan which we rightly predicted would not be genuinely subscribed by the real Irish investor has vanished and the loan is now at a discount. That sink of corruption, the Dublin Corporation, has been dissolved by the Free State Government on the grounds of jobbery and inefficiency. Truly a case of the pot calling the kettle black! Unfortunately the Corporation has not the power to retaliate by ordering an enquiry into the rectitude and efficiency of the Government.

Following the appointment of a German bandmaster to the municipal band of Dublin, the remission of the special reparations duty of 26 per cent. upon German goods (anticipating Mr. Snowden's action as regards Great Britain), the Free State Government is making over Irish water-powers to a German firm, with the result that they may ultimately exercise virtual control of Irish industry (if any). Irish politicians are notoriously and openly identifying themselves with Moscow Bolsheviks. The Queenstown murderers of British soldiers, although perfectly well known and easily traced in a sparsely populated country, are still at liberty, months after their crime. Justice has disappeared from Irish Courts. The Rev. Father Meehan, of Nenagh, in a recent sermon, said that "downright perjury was committed, false verdicts brought in and scoundrels who robbed, looted and burned were allowed to go free."

The Most Rev. Dr. Dignam, in an address after his consecration as Roman Catholic Bishop of Clonfert, said "there was no unity, no peace, no progress. Morally, politically and economically the Irish people were slipping into an abysmal pit of confusion and disorder. I predict that the Republican Party is certain to be returned to power in a short time." Banks are robbed, people are killed, but, even when the thieves and murderers are caught, juries manage to disagree either from sympathy or fear. Meanwhile the Loyalists cannot get compensation, and the British Colonial Office, packed with pro-Sinn Feiners, exercises its influence against the rights of the loyal British as effectively as pro-Germans in other departments resist

the just claims of British sufferers from German outrage. The trade balance of imports and exports is now against the Free State to the tune of about 20 millions, a condition of affairs which, coupled with budget deficits, cannot be maintained for long. De Valera with his confederates, instead of being deported, have been released to resume their campaign of Republicanism, and his first act if he attains power will be to repudiate the £10,000,000 Free State loan.

These are the people who impudently claim to rob loyal Ulster of a large part of her territory and make no secret of their intention to use force when they have exhausted the methods of Lloyd Georgian trickery. They are rapidly heading for political collapse, bankruptcy and civil war. Even the first-class brains of the triumvirate who engineered this infamous "settlement" could no more make right out of wrong than they could make water run uphill.

Legislation to Promote Anarchy

If, as is stated, the Indian Government intend to introduce legislation removing most of the liability of trade unions as regards civil and criminal action against them, then we shall witness the somewhat strange phenomenon of the deliberate promotion of anarchy by a Government still under the British Flag. The only adequate comment seems to be that conveyed by the time-worn Latin tag that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Insanity could hardly go further than thus to encourage the machinery of sedition in the Indian Empire. By the introduction of democratic institutions into a region very specially and obviously unsuited to them, we have already gone far, as the results are proving, to disestablish the order which is essential to the life of over three hundred millions of human beings. The gradual subversion of law and of justice, and the restoration of the corruption and tyranny which had withered under English administration, have been the first fruits of our wondrous experiment. But now to implant amongst the Indian masses the full activities of those labour organisations which, as is shown elsewhere in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, are swiftly ruining the industries of Britain, will

be an act calculated to win the fullest approbation of all the powers making for evil throughout this world. Let us only imagine, for instance, what "peaceful picketing" will mean, when put into practice by huge numbers of profoundly ignorant Asiatics, inflamed by the furious rhetoric of fanatical and yet self-seeking bigots! Can we not picture the brutal violence, the savage riots, to which future strikes incited by bodies thus placed above the law are certain to lead? Is it not evident, beyond the need of argument, that trade unions in India are bound, under the conditions now proposed, to become hotbeds of anarchy and Bolshevism and the direct cause of endless bloodshed? If there was any measure which any Government under the ægis of Britain was bound to resist with its whole energy, it is this measure, now, apparently, to be put forward by British authority.

Trade Unions and Japan

Ought we, however, to be surprised at this occurrence at a moment when a Socialist trade union Ministry is in office here? What was more to be expected than that, when the Liberal Party, returned to fight Socialism, put Socialism in power, this disintegrating force should make itself felt wherever there was a chance of extending its plague-stricken realm? The present Cabinet represents in effect, not the people, but the Socialist trade unions of Britain. What more natural than that they should seek to spread their fatal organisations in the Indian Empire, or anywhere else? Yet, however natural, this result of Liberal betrayal is not on that account less fraught with deadly mischief. The catastrophe of Hindustan, which the Government of India Act, unless rescinded, renders inevitable, is brought much nearer, since the processes of disintegration already at work will receive enormous impetus. There is but one country which has reason to rejoice, and that is our expectant heir, the residuary legatee of England in the East—Japan.

Civilians and War Damages

THE degradation of Government and officialdom into a vast machine for the capture of votes is becoming more and more evident. Not only is any section of the public which does not promise to yield a sufficient catch of votes ignored, but, should they persist in their claim to consideration, all the forces of Government and their tame "departments" are exerted to crush them. The honour of Parliament and the public conscience have fallen pretty low when, as in the case of the debate last month initiated by Mr. Esmond Harmsworth on compensation to civilians for enemy war damage, an unanswerably clear case of cruel injustice having been shown and only an enquiry into the whole matter having been demanded (which the House would certainly have voted), the Government deliberately talked out the motion and so denied these thousands of sufferers even the chance of consideration of their claims. The first function of Government, like that of the judiciary, is protection and justice for the individual, irrespective of class or influence. A Government which only sells protection for votes is as venal as a judicature whose verdicts must be bought with money. While our judges maintain an unbroken tradition of incorruptibility which is the admiration of the world, democratic government is daily becoming more shamelessly dishonest.

Last month we published an article by Mr. Alfred Bell, vice-chairman of the Committee which has represented the interests of British civilians in Northern France, whose claims for destruction of property by the enemy amount to a total of 168 million francs. It is a damning indictment of the successive British Governments who encouraged all sufferers to believe that they would be compensated and put them to immense trouble and expense in formulating their claims (Mr. Bell mentions that they have already been required to fill in five sets of forms). After five or six years of delay, official ingenuity in devising fresh forms having been exhausted and its sole object apparently being to tire out the claimants altogether, it is

employed to invent a variety of quibbling and untrue excuses either for distributing derisively small payments in final settlement, or, in the case of many sufferers in England, for rejecting their claims altogether.

This is not the place to debate the whole question in detail. That must be done before the Commission which either this Government or the next will be compelled to appoint in order to decide, not individual claims, but the broad principle of their right to compensation.

The position may briefly be stated as follows :—

1. Damage by enemy action—bombs, bombardment, mines, shell fire, arson, robbery, etc., has been suffered by many thousands of British civilians in France, Belgium, England and elsewhere, to a total amount of at least £50,000,000, and probably more.

2. The British Government announced that all such damage would be compensated, the original intention being doubtless to recover early reparations from Germany.

3. The British Government provided claim forms headed " Return of Claims against Enemy Governments pursuant to the Royal Proclamation dated 7th September, 1916." (We have one before us deposited with the Foreign Office in November, 1920, in respect of a building in London destroyed by bomb.)

4. Later, in order to meet urgent and necessitous cases, the Government allocated a sum of £5,000,000 *ex gratiâ* and appointed a Royal Commission to distribute it.

5. By some process never made clear to claimants *all claims* (some 50,000) were submitted to this Commission, which was invested with the absolute power to assess them *without appeal.*

6. The Commission met in private, and after four years began to issue awards averaging perhaps ten per cent. of the sums claimed, and in very many cases nothing. No reasons or opportunity for discussion were given.

7. It is now claimed that the awards of the Commission, which is dissolved, are final, and that *no claimants have now any rights whatever against Germany directly or indirectly.*

8. Thus the British Government, by an unparalleled process of subterfuge, evasion and chicanery, under the

hypocritical cloak of a Royal Commission and an *ex gratia* payment of £5,000,000, has not merely tried to sneak out of a liability which is certainly more than £50,000,000, but has connived with the friends of Germany in the Foreign Office and the Treasury to swindle British subjects out of their rights against the enemy.

We have said as much before, and we repeat it because it is too serious a charge to be ignored. If it is, there can be only one inference, namely, that no defence is possible. Let us now quote the only authoritative pronouncements on the subject.

The Royal Proclamation of September 7th, 1916, runs, after the preamble :—

"We strictly command and enjoin our subjects . . . . who . . . have claims against enemy persons or enemy Governments, forthwith to make returns of their . . . . claims to the officers appointed to receive the same.

"(*a*) In the case of property in enemy territory and of claims against enemy persons, the Public Trustee, Kingsway, London, W.C.

"(*b*) In the case of claims against enemy Governments, the Directors of the Foreign Claims Office, Foreign Office, London, S.W.

"The said returns shall be made in such form and with such particulars as the Public Trustee and the Directors of the Foreign Claims Office may respectively require."

(Printed forms were, in fact, supplied to claimants by the Public Trustee and the Foreign Office.)

Article 231 of the Peace Treaty of Versailles :—

"The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the (said) Allied and Associated Governments *and their nationals* have been subjected as a consequence of the war . . ."

Article 232 :—

"The (said, etc.) Governments recognise that the resources of Germany are not adequate, after taking into account permanent diminutions of such resources which will result from other provisions of the present Treaty, to make complete reparation for all such loss and damage. The (said, etc.) Governments, *however*, *require*, *and*

Germany undertakes, that she will make compensation for all damage done to the civilian populations of the (*said, etc.*) *Powers and to their property* during the period of the belligerency of each against Germany by such aggression by land, by sea and from the air, and in general all damage as defined in Annex 1 hereto."

Annex 1 :—

"Compensation may be claimed from Germany under Article 232 above in respect of the total damage under the following categories :—

"1. Damage to injured persons and to surviving dependents by personal injury to or death of civilians caused by acts of war, including bombardments or other attacks on land, on sea, or from the air, and all direct consequences thereof, and of all operations of war by the two groups of belligerents wherever arising."

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 10 assert the right to compensation for cruelty, violence, internment, exposure, forced labour, pensions and allowances, levies, fines, etc.

"9. Damage in respect *of all property wherever situated* belonging to any of the Allied or Associated States *or their nationals*, with the exception of naval and military works or materials, which has been carried off, seized, injured or destroyed by the acts of Germany or her Allies on land, on sea or from the air, or damage directly in consequence of hostilities or of any operations of war."

The moral claim of these sufferers to compensation needs no support. It is self-evident. Their legal claim is equally evident unless all the above quotations are mere verbiage.

It is not here contended that a legal claim to full compensation exists as against the British Government. The Government has so far evaded the question of national responsibility to individual sufferers, and until it is decided to make legislative provision for compensation out of national funds similar to that promptly made in France and Belgium, it cannot be claimed that legal liability rests upon the British Government further than is clearly admitted in the documents quoted. These, while contemplating the probable inadequacy of total reparations, distinctly prefer the claims of individual sufferers by enemy action to all others (Art. 232), making them, in effect, a first charge upon

any reparations received. On June 26th last the Financial Secretary to the Treasury stated that the amount so far received from Germany is approximately £15,000,000, *which accrues to the Exchequer.* Clearly, however, another £10,000,000 actually received is already available for distribution amongst claimants over and above the so-called *ex gratia* provision of £5,000,000. This may have been *ex gratia* at the time it was voted, but it had ceased to be so before it was distributed, as the funds had meanwhile been received from Germany and £10,000,000 in addition. Of this £10,000,000 the Government have grudgingly voted only another £300,000, which they pretend is also *ex gratia.* It is obviously nothing of the kind.

We have not space here to quote the various correspondence and statements by officials of the several departments which confirm the contentions set out above, but these will all, if necessary, be produced at the proper time. We hope, however, that we have said enough to prove that the latest contention of the Government, as announced by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury on June 26th, that "Reparation receipts are due by Germany to the State and not to private individuals" is a mean and positively dishonest quibble which must be retracted. Obviously the Government must be the sole claimant and the sole payee of the gross sums recovered from Germany. But it claims on behalf of its nationals, for whom it properly and necessarily acts as trustee. It has, moreover, by its own Acts, Treaties, proclamations, procedure and admissions, preferred the claims of individual suffers above all others to a first charge upon all receipts.

That the High Court would confirm this contention admits of no doubt. But the individual citizen may well be amazed and disgusted with a Government which, like a fraudulent debtor, has to be taken to court in order to compel admission of a liability so undeniable.

The Government actually realised a profit of nearly £11,000,000 from its aircraft insurance speculation, an utterly ill-conceived scheme upon which it should never have embarked. As is shown by the enormous profit, the premiums were fantastically high, with the result that they prevented many, and especially those who can least afford

loss, from insuring. This profit should either be distributed at once amongst the sufferers or returned to those who paid premiums and escaped damage.

Contrast with all this the action of the French and Belgian Governments. At the commencement of the War they enacted that all Frenchmen and Belgians should bear equally its burdens, and that all ascertained damage should be made good with the least delay possible out of national funds. Our feeble Government and our weary officials point with pained dismay at the vast pile of 50,000 claims deposited, and ask how was it possible to deal with them more expeditiously or even to contemplate the procedure of devoting to each claim that individual consideration which alone could ensure a just award!

The actual achievement of France is the answer, and puts us to shame. We have official authority for the following figures. The total number of claims received exceeded three millions, and up to January 1st last they had been dealt with as follows:—

	Number of decisions.	Estimate of loss on pre-War basis of value and currency. Francs.	Total awards (Present value and currency). Francs.
Jan. 1, 1922 ...	1,645,983	6,978,048,837	21,797,406,697
Jan. 1, 1923 ...	2,605,941	14,934,045,596	50,297,065,558
Jan. 1, 1924 ...	2,931,591	19,193,020,349	66,189,554,802

The French, of course, recognised that it would be impossible to cope with such a problem without creating the necessary machinery in the shape of local tribunals with official assessors before whom each claim was separately laid by the claimant or his representatives. In addition to sifting and deciding this huge mass of claims, the French tribunals undertook the work of assessing all the claims of British subjects in France, those presented by the Lille Committee alone amounting, as stated above, to 168,825,195 francs. (It did not take us long to constitute the tribunals necessary to give effect to conscription.)

As Mr. Esmond Harmsworth has pointed out, a crime that is not expiated is condoned. If Germany is allowed to escape reparations for damage mostly caused by crimes outside the recognised rules of war, she and other criminals will be encouraged to repeat them; the destruction of civilian life and property will become their first objective. The French bankers, who prefer clear thinking to the

woolly sentimentalism which has taken the place of the old-fashioned British downrightness, saw this clearly when they sharply reminded M. Herriot that any recognition of the Russian robbers before they honoured their liabilities would be claimed as a precedent by all defaulters and destroy the very basis of international credit.

There is some reason to hope that the present Government will not be so foolish as to present its successor with an opportunity of righting a wrong for which the responsibility cannot be laid upon those now in office, unless indeed they incur that responsibility by persistent refusal to grant even an enquiry. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Sidney Webb, assured a deputation from Thanet introduced by Mr. Harmsworth, which included the representatives of Margate, Ramsgate and Broadstairs, that he realised and sympathised with the great hardship suffered by thousands of unfortunate victims, and that the whole question would have to be taken into consideration by the Government.

Although Mr. Webb's sympathies are popularly supposed to be absorbed by blue books and statistics, there is no reason to credit him with less than ordinary fellow feeling for real adversity, and he must possess sufficient influence with his colleagues to secure the appointment of a Parliamentary committee of enquiry.

The Dominions & Foreign Affairs

THE article by Col. W. F. Cockshutt, of Ontario, published in this number, supplies further useful comment on the vital question raised in regard to the separate representation of the Dominions in foreign capitals. The subject has already been treated in this REVIEW by Mr. Clement Jones in our June number and by Mr. H. F. Wyatt in that of July, but it has not yet received one hundredth part of the attention which its importance demands from the Press of this country. What is at stake is the whole future of the British Empire, and what is needed is concentrated effort to fix the mind of the nation upon the issues involved before the fatal words "Too late" are written on the horizon of the British peoples.

Security

Notes submitted to the Plenipotentiaries of the Powers

By Marshal Foch

Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies.

With an Introduction by Ernest Remnant

THE attention of the world is concentrated at the moment upon the question of reparations, which happily appears to have reached a stage nearer solution than at any time since the conclusion of the Peace Treaty. The provisions of the Dawes Report are so closely in agreement with the principles which have been upheld in this REVIEW since June, 1923, and with those which I have urged in the Press since 1918, that I will here make no comment upon them further than to express the view that they offer the most practicable means of recovering reparations from Germany yet formulated.

In the universal sense of relief which will ensue if the recommendations of the Report are put into actual operation there is, however, a very serious danger that the infinitely more important problem of security may be overshadowed.

The fructification of the Dawes plan of collecting reparations obviously depends upon the maintenance of peace.

A German war of revenge, if successful, would destroy not merely our chances of recovering reparations but civilisation as we understand it. Such a war, far from being the nightmare of a timid or hysterical imagination, is an inevitable certainty if we fail to take the obvious, and happily not too difficult, measures to render it impossible.

In order the better to study the question which dwarfs into insignificance all others upon which the public mind is exercised, I have lately sought the views of some of

those whose experience, knowledge and judgment are so unquestioned that they may even succeed in temporarily diverting attention from the wrangles over doles which would never be forthcoming, and subsidies for houses which would never be built, if vote-hunting politicians are allowed to babble us into destruction.

Of the men to whom I refer, that great soldier, Marshal Foch, whose genius won victory for the Allies so soon after they had been singed by the flames of threatened defeat, remains to-day the military master-mind of Europe. Even if that section of the nation which is concerned only with the illusory prospect of securing unearned benefits by political jugglery refuses to listen to his counsel now that it vainly imagines itself to be safe to pursue its mean ends, there must be a vast, if less vocal, number who gratefully remember that only six years ago the whole English-speaking race looked to him as their saviour from worse than destruction. They surely, when he speaks, will hear, and make a clean sweep of the ineffable imbecility of those others who, having, for the most part, evaded the risks of war, now noisily arrogate to themselves the right to exploit the country they did their best to enslave.

If, indeed, they are deaf to his warning, followed, as it will be, by those of others who can speak with only less authority than his, then we shall deserve the fate that will inevitably overtake us.

In May last an article on a (Rhine) Barrier State by Mr. Demetrius Boulger was published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and, knowing Marshal Foch's views upon the question, I sought an interview with him to discuss it. Marshal Foch immediately pointed out that, while the historical precedents cited by Mr. Boulger could only be regarded as powerfully supporting his own recommendations to the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace Conference, the altered conditions of modern warfare had rendered a merely neutral buffer State an even less effective protection than a treaty-protected Belgium proved to be in 1914. No one to-day could pretend to any faith in the maintenance of Germany's respect for neutrality for one hour longer than she considered suitable to her designs for revenge. Consequently some more positive form of guarantee was necessary. With a few rapid indications on the

map he showed how the bridgeheads of the Rhine might truly be described as the keys which can lock the door against war. He dismissed, as a passing phase of insanity, the absurd notion, so industriously circulated in England last year, that France could entertain any ideas of conquest of Germany, an idea so fantastic that I cannot conceive it as surviving in any intelligent mind after twenty-four hours' stay in France. On the other hand, no one who has access to reliable sources of information can doubt that the project of a war of revenge is nourished with religious fervour in Germany, and that, when her rulers judge that the day has come to launch it, no merely moral or contractual considerations would delay them a single hour. Marshal Foch insists, therefore, that as there is one, and only one, natural barrier against German aggression by land, namely, the Rhine, its fortified bridgeheads must be held permanently, not by France alone, but by the Allies. Pending the endowment of the League of Nations with adequate military forces, it should sanction such an occupation by the Allies. If and whenever the League itself commands sufficient force, the charge of the bridgeheads could be transferred to its keeping. That obviously is a development of the future, and the safety of Europe to-day demands that the only available forces, those of the Allies, should guarantee it.

There remains the political question of the status of the Rhineland population. I discussed this later with several of the leaders of French opinion and policy, and found them unanimously in favour of leaving the inhabitants entirely free from interference in any sense whatever as German subjects. The fortified bridgeheads would be garrisoned by Allied forces, and a zone of 40 or 50 kilometres on either side of the Rhine would be simply demilitarised. The German population within that zone would remain German in all respects except that they would escape instruction in the goose step and the other arts of war. In order that the garrison force should be kept as small as possible, it would, of course, be necessary to ensure railway access to the forts from the West. The social and industrial life of the German population would continue absolutely without interference. The Allies, or some day, the League of

Nations, would hold three or four almost invisibly occupied Gibraltars to guard the peace of Europe. Here, then, is the simple plan of the greatest soldier in Europe *to prevent war* so far as aggression by land is concerned. The equally serious question of attack in the air must be dealt with in a future article. He assured me that the intervening years since he made his reports upon guarantees for security had only confirmed him in the view that his recommendations were indispensable and without alternative. The danger had indeed become more imminent by the lapse of time. As is well known, the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, of whom Marshal Foch spoke with a deep feeling of admiration and affection, had made the most complete study of the ground upon which he knew the war would be fought as well as of the approaches from Germany. The views of the great English soldier had been, Marshal Foch told me, identical with his own. No one had so clearly foreseen the danger that had only been averted by our supreme common sacrifice. Sir Henry Wilson saw as clearly that it would inevitably recur, failing that complete co-operation between our two countries which he had done so much to effect. So great was the sympathy of their minds that they had been able to understand each other almost without words. "He was my brother," said Marshal Foch simply.

Marshal Foch handed me a copy of his reports which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto been translated. I have extracted from them all the essential passages, and I believe that readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, most of whom will now be able to study them for the first time, will be convinced that Marshal Foch in these documents has proved himself to be as great a statesman as a soldier. Mr. Asquith has recently urged, with a Pharisaical parade of impartiality, that England should give a pledge of assistance against aggression, not only to France, the ravished, but also to Germany, the ravisher. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with more reason, has expressed his concern that the financiers who are to lend Germany the £40,000,000 contemplated by the Dawes Committee shall have no fear as to their security. Marshal Foch's proposals are in actual and obvious fact the only suggestions calculated to assure the peace of Western

Europe, and therefore to protect Germany herself against the risks of war.

Since the bridgeheads of the Rhine are the keys of peace, they must be kept in safe hands.

ERNEST REMNANT.

Extracts from Notes

By Marshal Foch

January 10th, 1919

THE present Note deals with the problem of the Western boundaries of Germany from the point of view of the military security of the Allied and Associated Powers.

It does not deal with the question of the actual boundaries of France or Belgium, but solely with that of the joint international European guarantee necessary to the whole of the nations which, after fighting for liberty, right, and justice, are now determined to establish relations between the peoples on new bases inspired by these three ideas.

It is undoubtedly possible to look forward, in an indefinite future, to a sufficient development of civilisation and the moral sense of the nations, to make a powerfully organised League of Nations an effective obstacle to wars of conquest. But in order that this new-born League shall acquire an authority compelling enough for it to be in itself a guarantee of the preservation of peace, it must be given from the first the adequate basis and the special force that will ensure its development. It is therefore necessary to be acquainted with the past conditions of the nations, to be able to fix their situation in the immediate future on the basis of the present; it is further necessary to take into consideration the pledges of peace which a dearly purchased victory has placed in the hands of the Allied nations, thanks to their unity, and the surrender of which would jeopardise the future preservation of peace.

* * * * * *

Germany, as constituted in 1914, was the result of a sustained effort of 150 years' duration, started by Frederick II, methodically pursued by his successors, and which had ended by Prussianising Germany.

From the beginning the Hohenzollerns based Prussian power on an inordinate militarism proven, notably, by the maintenance of an army much more numerous than the population of the country warranted. Thanks to this swollen military power, Prussia played an important *rôle* in the wars of the eighteenth century, and took a preponderating part in the wars of 1813, 1814 and 1815. Thus, too, did she soon rank much higher among the European Powers than might have been expected from her natural resources, her population, her trade, her industry. . . . In point of fact the investment of her means in a powerful army based upon compulsory personal service, and war carried on as a business of national conquest, had brought in substantial profits to Prussia. These she soon devoted to the triumph of her policy.

Thus, in 1866, after her victory at Sadowa, she thrust out Austria from the German fold, she overthrew the German Confederation and assumed the part of leader of a transformed Germany in order to militarise it in her own image and hold it ready to her hand.

Thus again, in 1871, on the morrow of a victorious campaign, she set up the Empire to make Germany a stronger unit, more than ever in the hands of Prussia, and still based upon compulsory personal service and Hohenzollern leadership.

At the same time, Prussia made her action felt far beyond the military sphere proper. All classes, all resources, all means of action or production, all bodies, as well as every individual, were subjected to discipline, centralised, militarised. It was a refined form of universal State control applied by an absolute and self-seeking monarchy, constantly backed up by a powerful aristocracy, and basing its claim to domination on an undeniable military superiority, as well as on a succession of highly profitable wars, or, in other words, on the supremacy of might. Public education was soon imbued with the same principles, and compulsory instruction, a time-honoured institution in the country, derived from an able leadership the means of spreading them and of creating a German spirit, *Kultur*, with its own ethics—Might is Right. Thus was instilled the firm conviction of a higher right, of a special destiny and mission, justifying the most iniquitous practices, so

long as they achieved a German victory. "Deutschland über Alles." The aim and purpose of Germany is world domination for the benefit of the Germans.

Moreover, by the *Heimatsrecht*, the centralised power of the King of Prussia, in whose hands were concentrated all the forces thus brought into being, for the purpose of applying them in his own good time to the development of Germany by war, bestowed a privileged situation upon all citizens of the Empire. The Bavarian, the Saxon, the Wurtemburger, the Badener were, above all, German subjects; they were protected and claimed by the Empire, and interested, in consequence, in the greatness and preservation of the Empire. Here again the material and moral forces of Germany passed into the hands of the King of Prussia and came to the support of his system.

Hence the irresistible, universal and blind rush to arms in 1914, at the call of William II.

After thus bringing military organisation to the highest degree as an instrument of conquest, after warping the moral conceptions of her people and spurring on the devotion of all to the cause of the Kaiser by appealing to their self-interest, it was, on the whole, an army of learned and conscious evil-doers that Prussianised Germany sent forth, in defiance of all treaties, to attack the pacific, or even necessarily neutral populations of Europe, and, later on, to sweep the seven seas.

It was against this complete system of force, the result of an age-long and continuous effort, that the Entente was suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to fight, on behalf of the twofold principle of Right and of the liberty of nations, wherein it was soon followed by a succession of peoples inspired by the same principles, foremost of whom was the United States of America.

Thanks to this joint effort, and by virtue of a victory of appalling cost to the first nations involved, the crisis is now at an end, but it may recur.

To avert such repetition it will certainly not be sufficient to change the form of government in Germany. After the departure of the Hohenzollerns, in circumstances particularly discreditable to that dynasty, a restoration of the Imperial *régime* would appear to be ruled out, at least for some time. But a Republic built up on the same

principles of militarism and of the centralisation of power, and taking in hand the whole of Germany, will present quite as many dangers and will be just as formidable a threat to peace. Yet it would seem to be easy to set up * in a country imbued with the Prussian spirit, with the Prussian methods, with the doctrines of militarism, and in which, by virtue of temperament as by tradition, the principle of authority and the desire for centralisation still prevail. Nay, further, a Republican Germany, freed from the shackles which the smaller principalities undeniably imposed upon the Empire, is likely to derive an accession of strength both from her completed unity and from the vitality and activity of her people, henceforward more closely bound up with their Government.

Only to the conversion of the public mind by defeat, and later on by free discussion, to a sounder conception of right and justice, to a wider participation in the control of the executive, can we look for the democratic working of institutions republican in appearance, but which would otherwise have all the force of absolute power. Such an evolution will necessarily take time, much time no doubt, since we are fully determined not to back up persuasion by the use of force, and not to interfere in the settlement of the domestic affairs of Germany. But while careful not to infringe upon German territory, dare we by unreserved confidence allow our principles of liberty and justice, nay, our very existence, to be imperilled by such sudden changes of opinion, such attempts at reaction as may yet occur beyond the Rhine, and at once send forth on a new war a highly trained and very powerful army?

To sum up, Germany will remain for a long time yet, and until her political and philosophical transformation is complete, a formidable menace for civilisation. The most elementary prudence, therefore, makes it necessary for the Allied Powers, the nucleus of the League of Nations, to take a number of purely defensive measures and initial

* In order to constitute the German Empire in 1871, it was sufficient to bring the Southern States into the Northern Confederation, and to substitute the word "Reich," in the Constitution, for the word "Bund," and the word "Kaiser" for the word "Praesidium." The converse process, *i.e.*, changing back "Bund" into "Reich" and "Kaiser" into "Praesidium," would ensure the preservation, in the form of Republican appearance, of all the might embodied in the Empire.

precautions which will testify by their definiteness to a firm resolve to achieve the desired end—Peace, and to make it impossible for Germany ever again to start a war of conquest and resume her plan of domination by force of arms.

What forces could we put in the field to meet this menace?

During a large part of the war that has now come to an end, Russia, with her numerous armies, held a considerable proportion of the German forces on her own front. Thus it came about that in 1915, 1916, and even for the greater part of 1917, the Entente had the advantage of numbers on the Western front.

To-day the destinies of Russia are uncertain for many long years. Consequently Western Europe, the cradle and indispensable guarantor of the League of Nations, can only rely upon her own strength to approach, prepare, and ensure her future, as against a possible German aggression.

To accomplish this task she cannot hope to possess the advantage of numbers. For, indeed, whatever political organisation is adopted in future by the countries beyond the Rhine, there will always remain east of that river a German population from 64,000,000 to 75,000,000 strong*, naturally bound together by a common language, a common way of thinking, and by a community of interests.

To these German forces, Belgium, Luxemburg, Alsace-Lorraine, and France can oppose but a total of 49,000,000 inhabitants. The support of countries beyond the sea can alone enable them, as it did in 1914-1918, to put in the field as many fighting men as the enemy. And even so, that support would take some time to materialise, especially in the case of America.

But what was the cause of the present calamities?

* German Empire (1914)		68,000,000
German Provinces of Austria ...		7,000,000
Posen and district	2,100,000	
Alsace-Lorraine	1,900,000	
Rhineland (left bank)	5,400,000	
Schleswig-Holstein	1,600,000	
	11,000,000	75,000,000
		64,000,000

Above all the temptation it proved for Germany to feel that she could at once aim a blow at our very vitals, just by extending her fist. Failing that certainty, she would undoubtedly have hesitated; with that conviction, she did not even trouble to seek for pretexts. "We cannot afford to wait," said Bethmann-Hollweg.

Consequently, in order to check any attempt in the West by Germany, a country ever warlike and covetous of other people's property, until quite recently prepared and trained to conquest by might, in defiance of every right and by the most unlawful means, a country, moreover, always in a position suddenly to undertake a tremendous war—in order, at least, to delay a decision by arms, recourse must be had to every means provided by Nature. Now Nature has set up but one barrier across the road followed by the invader—the Rhine. It must be both used and fought for, and therefore occupied and organised even in time of peace. Without this vital precaution Western Europe would entirely lack a natural frontier and would remain exposed, as before, to the dangers of an even more violent invasion than the last. Failing that precaution the peaceful industrial populations of North-western Europe would immediately be swamped by the devastating tide of a barbarous war that no dam would avail to stem.

The Rhine is in itself a formidable obstacle, particularly hard to cross, more especially if the machine-guns of the defenders necessitate the use of tanks by the attacking side.

From Switzerland to Holland, over a distance of more than 600 kilometres, this continuous obstacle is for the Allied countries a line of protection that cannot be turned.

Furthermore, by reason of the fortresses wherewith it has been strengthened, the numerous means of communication—roads and railways—that converge upon or skirt the river, it can be made to serve as a magnificent base from which to launch a counter-offensive.

Mainz, Coblenz, Cologne, are distant but three marches the one from the other. Any attempt by the enemy to pass between these towns would be threatened in flank and rear on both banks of the river, for each of the bridge-heads we have secured on the Rhine flanks the neighbouring one

and permits of a flank and rear action against such an offensive.

Marshal von Moltke placed the military frontier of Germany at the Rhine, and at the end of one of his papers he writes: "*There can be no doubt about the extraordinary strength of our theatre of operations on the Rhine. One thing only could endanger it—a premature offensive by us on the left bank of the Rhine with insufficient forces.*" And elsewhere he states: "*The main line of defence of Prussia against France is the Rhine with its fortresses. This line is so strong that it is far from requiring all the forces of the Monarchy.*"

To-day this situation is reversed in favour of the Allies. The Allies cannot renounce their advantages, cannot relinquish the buckler of defence in that region—the Rhine—without seriously jeopardising its future. The "Wacht am Rhein" must become *our* slogan.

Henceforth the Rhine must be the Western military frontier of the German peoples; Germany must be deprived of all access to, or military utilisation of it—that is to say of all territorial sovereignty on the left bank of that river: in a word, of every facility for the swift invasion, as in 1914, of Belgium and Luxemburg, in order to reach the shores of the North Sea and threaten England, to turn France's natural defences, the Rhine and the Meuse, to conquer her northern regions and approach that of Paris.

That is, for the present and the near future, a *guarantee indispensable for the preservation of peace*, by reason of:

1. The material and moral situation of Germany;
2. Her numerical superiority over the democratic countries of Western Europe.

The Rhine, a military frontier indispensable for the preservation of peace, which is the aim of the Allies, offers no territorial advantage for either country. There is no question, indeed, of annexing the left bank of the Rhine, of extending the territory of France or of Belgium and of protecting it against a German claim, but simply one of maintaining on the Rhine the *common* barrier of security necessary to the League of democratic nations. There is no question of entrusting the guardianship of this common barrier to any one Power, but of assuring, by the moral or material support of all the democratic Powers,

the defence of their lives and futures by debarring Germany, once for all, from carrying war and her spirit of domination across the river.

* * * * * *

This purely defensive arrangement, which requires to be dealt with immediately, is intended to meet the first emergencies that would arise from a German aggression. It cannot be dispensed with, for war, when once it breaks out, lives entirely on hard facts, on material forces, brought into play within a given time: natural or organised lines of defence, effectives, armaments.

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Under the protection of these measures of security, and in order to give them moral authority, the League of Nations, solidly constituted, would gather into its folds the nations that came in to defend the same principles of right and justice, and would lay down definite laws, henceforward likely to endure.

The League, when thus formed, with its system of laws and penalties, might gradually develop into a general League of Nations by the accession, successively, of other nations, neutral nations to begin with, and then ex-enemy nations. When achieved the results aimed at would gradually lighten the military burden of the nations belonging to it.

That is an ideal aim, to be sought in a necessarily indefinite future.

It can only be accomplished under the protection of the measures of security set forth above; otherwise civilisation will be endangered by a fresh German aggression, which it will be impossible to hold in check.

The fortune of war has placed the line of the Rhine in our hands, thanks to a concourse of circumstances and to a body of Allied forces such as cannot be expected to occur again for a long time to come. To abandon such a strong natural barrier, without any other guarantee than moral ordinances of distant and uncertain effect, would be to incur the greatest military risk.

Our armies know but too well how much blood it cost them to secure.

NOTE READ BY MARSHAL FOCH AT A MEETING OF THE HEADS OF GOVERNMENTS

March 31, 1919

My Note of January 10th pointed out the necessity for the Western Powers to have as a military frontier a natural barrier (there is but one, the Rhine) to stem the invasion of a Germanic mass of 70,000,000, liable to be increased, moreover, by a still more numerous Slavonic mass.

As will be seen in the present Note, any other arrangement would appear to be inadequate, by reason either of its inefficiency, or of the time it would require to materialise.

Such an arrangement would be, for instance, the mere neutralisation of the Rhineland, backed up by a powerful alliance.

Let us assume, for instance, a neutral zone 50 kilometres wide, both on the left and on the right bank of the Rhine, free from any garrison whatever; it is certain that whenever some German Command makes up its mind to resume the offensive, it will be able, without any visible sign, to make arrangements allowing it, without striking a blow, to seize the passages of the Rhine and a sufficiently wide zone of action on the left bank to serve as a jumping-off ground for an attack, the elements of which would have been assembled elsewhere, thus confronting us in a moment with an accomplished fact, *a belated discussion of which could have no useful effect.* It is equally evident that such a Command would thenceforward hold the vanquished obstacle, and with it the possibility of making it not only a useful line of defence, but a profitable sally-port for its armies.

Starting with so unfavourable a position, which would be like nothing so much as the morrow of a great battle lost, what would there be left for us to do? To concentrate the Allied forces as quickly as possible at the frontier of our States. Unfortunately, there is no natural obstacle here to cover an operation ever lengthy and dangerous for the first States engaged, France and Belgium; still less to permit us there to await the armies of our Allies, England and America, slower to join us. Even assuming

this earlier operation to have succeeded, France and Belgium would still present a smaller total, since it would be derived from a population less than 50,000,000 strong in presence of an undeniably more numerous German population. The battle is, therefore, lost if it is fought by those States alone. To prevent any possibility of such a surprise, involving all the above consequences, while requiring no exceptional ability on the part of the enemy, there is but one means, and that is to remain on the Rhine ourselves.

The support of an Alliance would not avail to make up, at the proper time, for this inferiority in our position; for it is doubtful whether England, in case of a European war, as a first contribution, will be able to send over a larger force than she did in 1914, considering her obligation to defend a vast Empire and the absence of compulsory military service.

But, furthermore, this inadequate contribution can only reach us somewhat tardily, on account of the distance and the Channel crossing, and also because, even assuming the existence of a submarine tunnel—which, moreover, would be liable to be destroyed at any moment—the carrying power of a single railway, even a double-line railway, would permit of no improvement on the rate of transportation we achieved in 1914. As to American support, it would not take weeks but months to materialise.

Under these conditions, therefore, the battle we should be called upon to wage in the plains of Belgium would be one in which the advantage of numbers would lie with the enemy. Again we should have Belgium and Northern France transformed into a field of battle, of defeat; again we should have the enemy reaching the shores of Ostend and Calais, and devastating the same areas as before.

And if in 1914 we were able to hold out long enough to give England time to constitute her large armies; if we were able to stand fast on the Marne, at Arras, and ultimately on the Yser, it was because Russia, for her part, held a considerable portion of the German forces, invaded Silesia and threatened Berlin.

This counterpoise no longer exists. We are threatened, therefore, with an even more serious position, on the western frontier of Germany, than in 1914. This

altered situation cannot be ignored; it can be remedied only by making full use of the only natural frontier in the North-West of Europe: the barrier of the Rhine.

In short, if we do not hold the Rhine permanently, no neutrality, no disarmament, no written clause whatever can prevent Germany from seizing that river and using it with advantage as a sally-port. No adequate support from England or America can arrive in time to avert a disaster in the northern plains, to save France from the alternative of suffering utter defeat, or of promptly withdrawing her armies beyond the Somme, the Seine, or the Loire, there to await the assistance of her Allies.

The Rhine, therefore, remains to-day the barrier indispensable to the security of the nations of Western Europe, and therefore to the security of civilisation itself. Nor does there exist any moral law making it incumbent upon a victorious nation, which in a defensive war has recovered the means vital to its existence, to restore them to its adversary. There is no principle that can oblige a free people to live under a continual threat, relying solely upon their Allies to save them from disaster, when they have just purchased their independence at the price of more than 1,500,000 lives and unprecedented devastation. There is no principle that can prevail against the right of nations to existence, against the unchallengeable right of France and Belgium to safeguard their independence.

Under these conditions, it appears unthinkable to withhold from the nations that are called upon to stand in the forefront of the battle line the protection they deem indispensable to enable them to live and fight pending the arrival of their Allies, to deprive them of the shield intended as a protection, and not as a means of attack, on the Rhine.

It behoves us to make not only an equitable but a lasting peace. Whether the German populations on the left bank of the Rhine do, or do not, remain German, the boundary of the nations of Western Europe against Germany is the Rhine.

* * * * * *

To give up the Rhine barrier is to admit the monstrous and irrational proposition that, although beaten in the open field, Germany, stained with blood and crimes;

Germany, responsible for the death of millions of human beings; Germany, who intended to destroy our country and leave it one heap of ruins; Germany, in short, who aimed at ruling the world by the power of the sword, should still be left, by our voluntary withdrawal from the Rhine, in a position to renew her attempt just as if she had been victorious.

I solemnly urge the Allied and Associated Governments, who at the most critical period of the war trusted me with the leadership of their armies and with the fate of their common cause, to consider that both to-day and in the immediate future that cause can only be safeguarded in a lasting manner by the military frontier of the Rhine and its occupation by the Allies. This indispensable position must therefore be maintained.

(*To be concluded in September.*)

The Unionist Party and the Constitution

By the Earl of Selborne

It has recently been suggested that the Unionist party should call itself the Constitutional party. That name ought to be very appropriate for a party composed of Conservatives and Unionists, but is it?

The recent record of the Unionist party in the matter of the constitution has been inconsistent and inconsequent. Before the Parliament Act of 1911 the House of Lords was a "pillar of the Constitution." The party fought furiously against the passing of the Parliament Act, and, until the outbreak of war in 1914, it kept the question of the re-establishment of constitutional stability in the fore-front of its programme. The whole party abhorred the single chamber government to which the Parliament Act had condemned the country.

But in the war the party forgot the Parliament Act and the Second Chamber question. Before the war it talked of little else; since the war it has scarcely mentioned it. The leaders of the Unionist party have just included the question in their official programme, but they have made no serious attempt to fulfil their pledges, and the members of the party in the House of Commons know nothing about the question and, thinking quite erroneously that it is an unpopular subject, never mention it.

Yet Great Britain is to-day the only civilised country in the world which runs the risks of single chamber government. It is the only one where the constitution itself and the fundamental rights of liberty and property can be upset by the act of a majority of the popular chamber without any possibility of effective delay by the Second Chamber or of appeal to the electors. It is the only civilised country where the constitutional rights of the Sovereign and of the electors are at the mercy of a

small fanatical majority of the popular chamber. Is the preservation to the electors of the power to say the last word an unpopular subject? At the time of the great Rebellion a group of members of the House of Commons of the Long Parliament usurped to itself unchecked perpetual power by means of violence. The Parliament Act has provided the means for a second usurpation by the processes of the Constitution.

The Socialist, of course, is a frankly single chamber party. The Liberal party has treated its "obligation of honour" as a scrap of paper and has become a single chamber party. Has the Unionist party also become a single chamber party? If it has, its utility as the guardian of the Constitution is not apparent. If it still stands by the Constitution, let it prove its faith by more words and some deeds.

What is the danger, to avert which, if it can, is the obvious function of the Unionist party? It can be simply stated. If the Socialist party comes into office with a clear majority of its own in the House of Commons, it can carry out the principal points of its Socialist programme in the course of one Parliament. If the Communists were to capture the machinery of the Socialist party, as is highly probable, the Communist programme could be carried out in the same way, and the grim joke is that in either case it could be carried out within the forms of the Constitution. D.O.R.A. would be re-enacted and made perpetual in a new form. On a resolution of the House of Commons in favour of the nationalisation of land, the Socialist, or Communist, Government would be empowered to give effect to it by orders in Council. Legislation on these lines would be fast and furious. A great majority of the electors might be violently opposed to what was being done, but the House of Lords under the Parliament Act would have no power to cry halt, no power of delay till the electors could be consulted; and it would, of course, itself be totally abolished at an early stage of the proceedings.

What is the remedy, the remedy to which the Unionist party should be, but is not, looking? The repeal of the sting of the Parliament Act and the provision of a sure opportunity of reference to the electors.

To-day any bill certified by the Speaker to be a finance bill can be passed into law in one session, and any other bill within two years, if passed thrice in that period in the same form in the House of Commons. Clearly many measures of sheer confiscation could be certified as finance bills by a Socialist Speaker. But in any case D.O.R.A. could be re-enacted in two years and then all would be plain sailing—for the revolutionaries.

The Second Chamber should have the power, in carefully guarded and defined circumstances, of appealing directly to the electors in a referendum, or alternatively of holding a bill up until after a general election. In the latter case the bill would be presented to the King for the royal assent, if the House of Commons in the first session of the new Parliament passed a resolution in favour of it, but not otherwise.

Unionists dispute about the particular changes which should or should not be made consequentially in the composition of the House of Lords, but all proposals fall under one or other of five heads. The election of a small House of, say, 200 working peers by all the hereditary peers; a nominated House of the most distinguished men of Great Britain or the Empire; a House composed by direct election by the same voters as elect the House of Commons but grouped in much larger constituencies; a House composed by indirect or secondary election; some combination of two or more of these methods. I am one of those who care for the possession of the power more than for anything else. Any Second Chamber, which was strong enough to exercise the powers of revision and reference, would be an immense safeguard to the country; any Second Chamber which was not strong enough would be of no use at all. On this principle I reject the nominated chamber, because I know, whatever was the theory, that the tendency of Prime Ministers would be to recommend to the King for nomination supporters whom they wished to placate or to remove from the House of Commons, and I think that a nominated House, even if properly nominated, would, in fact, be less strong than an hereditary House. With great regret I put aside the small House of hereditary peers because I do not think that any House

of Commons would consent to give it the powers which I deem essential. I am sure that the House of Commons will turn down any proposal for a House chosen by direct popular election, on the plea that the constituencies would be too large for human endurance, but really from jealousy. There remains the House chosen by indirect election. The conference of the two Houses of Parliament, which sat in 1918 to consider the Second Chamber problem under the chairmanship of the late Lord Bryce, recommended that the members of the House of Commons, grouped territorially and voting under a system of proportional representation, should be the electors of the Second Chamber. By another plan the electors would be the members of county councils, county borough councils, and borough councils, also grouped territorially and voting under a system of proportional representation. In my judgment a strong Second Chamber could be based on either of these methods of indirect election, and, of course, on the method of direct election. Probably the plan for making the members of the great municipal bodies the electors is the one which will appeal most to Conservatives. But in any case the House will be made stronger and an invaluable continuity of history will be preserved, if to the elected members be added a representation of the hereditary peerage elected by the hereditary peers.

Liberals and Socialists hate the idea of the referendum like the devil. I should have thought that this was the very reason why Unionists should support it.

The Letters of an Englishman

Byron and Westminster Abbey

By Charles Whibley

Soon after Byron's death some few were found clamouring for his admission to Westminster Abbey. The suggestion was made at the wrong moment. There were many reasons, a hundred years ago, why England was in no mood to pay honour to Byron. In the first place he had left his own country in a bad temper; he had never ceased to cover her with insults and abuse; wherever she had an enemy he proclaimed a friend, and he had eagerly greeted Napoleon, whose chief aim was England's destruction, as the hero of his age. Why, then, should England open the doors of her church to do him reverence? Again, in 1824 the world was beginning to take its fierce and customary revenge upon the man whom it had made an idol. There is nothing which stands so darkly in the way of appreciation as a poet's too sudden glory. When, in 1812, Byron woke up to find himself famous, he enjoyed the triumph which brings with it a swift and sure penalty. Four years afterwards an angry scandal added to his astounding celebrity, and thus a reaction was assured. The people, quick to admire, is quick also to take back its admiration; and the great poets, especially those who have acquired an early fame, are forced to endure a season of obloquy and detraction, before they find their true and lasting place in the annals of their art. Only Shakespeare escaped the shifting praise and blame of his fellows: he "walked on earth unguess'd at."

In 1824, then, Byron was suffering from a satiety of praise. They who had applauded him most rapturously were tired of the very sound of his name. Moreover, he appeared to his strange age of dandies and prize-fighters the very incarnation of wickedness. He became a worse

bogey even than Napoleon to frighten babies withal. The subjects of King George IV who were wont to allow themselves the last freedom were shocked at the stories which they heard or invented about Lord Byron. And the great merit of the poet was hidden under a veil of paltry, malicious gossip. The vigour of his imagination, the beauty of his phrase, his metrical skill—all these were forgotten by those who pretended to know the smallest details of his life. If he were still praised, he was praised for what was least estimable in his work, the glitter of his rhetoric, and the echoes of his life which the ingenious thought they could hear in his verse. The true appreciation which genius rarely wins until envy and malice are dead was still withheld from him. *Don Juan*, now acclaimed as his masterpiece, was shamefully misunderstood. It was commonly dismissed as a piece of the criminal cynicism which had dried up his soul. Southey, who should have known better, has the impudence to call Byron's masterpiece "a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act of high treason in English poetry." However, even in Byron's lifetime, all were not so blind to the power and beauty of *Don Juan* as the author of *Wat Tyler*. Shelley was among the first, as we should expect, to hail the masterpiece. *Don Juan*, he wrote to Byron in 1821, "is a poem totally of its own species, and my wonder and delight at the grace of the composition no less than the free and grand vigour of the conception of it perpetually increase. . . . Nothing has ever been written like it in English, nor, if I may venture to prophesy, will there be, without carrying upon it the mark of a secondary and borrowed light. You unveil and present in its true deformity what is worst in human nature, and this is what the witlings of the age murmur at, conscious of their want of power to endure the scrutiny of such a light." Thus Shelley, who spoke not with the tongue of his compatriots but of angels, and who could not expect to find agreement. Southey, on the other hand, speaking to the market-place, had the majority on his side.

In 1828 a determined effort was made by one who called himself "Sydney" to confer the honour of Westminster Abbey upon Lord Byron. This gentleman, who proved his love of poetry by writing blank verse, when

he thought he was writing prose, appealed in the first place to the King. It was in these terms that he made his appeal: "Sire," he wrote, "the hand of Death has laid its sceptre on the Poet's head! His laurelled brows are trailed along the dust, like Hector's corse, insulted, *not* dishonoured. A mighty aspirant appears before your Majesty, and appeals to your benevolence and justice. The remains of genius cry out, Sire, from the tomb. A voice is in its ashes, which invokes your Majesty to spare the Living and Protect the *Dead*!" So, with many italics and notes of exclamation, "Sydney" attempted to move the heart of the King. "But there are Household deities, who still survive, and find a temple and a shrine in the breast of every faithful Englishman. Among the holiest and the first of these are 'Civil and Religious Liberty.' Between these deities we place *your* Royal bust, the tutelary genius and guard of both." The ardent enthusiast did not speak the language of good sense, and he weakened his case by being forced to confess that, as no application had been made for the admission of Lord Byron's monument into Westminster Abbey, there could have been no refusal. For the rest, "Sydney" attacked with vigour those who found in *Cain* only a tissue of impiety, and asserted, what indeed is true, that "Lord Byron is no more responsible for the arguments of Lucifer than Milton is for the rebellion of Satan." He spoke to deaf ears. But, by quoting a passage from *Childe Harold*, he reminded his countrymen what had been the clearly expressed ambition of Lord Byron himself. "I twine," wrote the poet,

> My hopes of being remember'd in my line
> With my land's language: if too fond and far
> These aspirations in their scope incline,—
> If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
> Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar
>
> My name from out the temple where the dead
> Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
> And light the laurels on a loftier head!

Such were the hopes and fears of youth, but no longer should dull oblivion bar Byron's name from out the temple. The arguments, which were held in 1824 and in 1828, are no longer admissible. None that lives

to-day can bear any rancour against the dead poet. It matters not to us what hatred he cherished against his own country. Time has softened all the harsh thoughts which he thought, all the harsh words which he spoke. Moreover, we can look upon his poems to-day without prejudice. We no longer condemn him for the opinions which he expressed. We can criticise him adversely for the carelessness and haste, which he imputes to himself, for the cut-up prose, which he asked his readers to believe was blank verse, and for the faults of style and taste, of which he was often guilty. And when we have thus criticised him we shall remember the gifts of energy and sincerity which were lavished upon him, as well as the easy command which he had, when he chose, of language and metre. Nor, whatever other excuses we find for him, shall we ever attempt to palliate his literary sins by saying, with Sir Walter Scott, that he wrote "with the easy negligence of a man of quality." For easy negligence there is no forgiveness, and the man of quality should have gone out of remembrance, as soon as ever he put his name, in the seventeenth century, upon the title-pages of worthless books. For Byron there is a far loftier title than "man of quality." Now that the voice of detraction is silent, he takes his place in the long line of English poets, which stretches from Chaucer to the present day, and no longer need he fear the Spartan's epitaph: "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."

I think, then, that the demand of those who ask a place for a memorial of Byron in Westminster Abbey should be answered favourably. And Westminster Abbey is, before all other shrines, the shrine of the poets, who hold a place in the memory of men longer and more easily than any others. It is true that Socrates would have banished the poets from his ideal republic, and would have laid down the law that only hymns in honour of the gods and eulogies of great men and noble actions should be admitted into a perfect state. But the words of Socrates were not inspired from on high, and it is of the poets that we first think when we look back upon our history. Whom do we remember of Chaucer's age worthy to be set by his side? Is it not Shakespeare who comes to our mind when we speak of Elizabeth's reign? It is true that while they live

the politicians seem to usurp more space than should belong to them, but death brings them very speedily to their proper level. A stranger visiting the Poets' Corner has little difficulty in recognising the names of the men who there are honoured. The politicians are, at best, transient, embarrassed phantoms, and he shall be forgiven who in a decade of years forgets even the names affixed to the cold, unshapely effigies which have made the north transept of Westminster Abbey resemble the yard of a "monumental mason." When, once upon a time, the people of Cordova were asked which of their citizens they would prefer to honour with a statue, they passed by Seneca and Lucan, they passed by the Arabs, masters of science, who shed lustre on their city, and chose for their hero a bull-fighter. They were justified, perhaps, of their provincialism. We are more wisely inspired when we follow the happy example of France and commemorate our poets. There are not many of the great to whom due reverence has not been done. But we still owe a debt to Byron, and we should see that it is paid.

The "Shakespeare" Myth

A Challenge

By Lord Sydenham of Combe and H. Crouch Batchelor

For three and a-half centuries the belief that the greatest poet of all time was a Warwickshire rustic, who deserted the illiterate wife he was forced to marry * and three children about 1585 and went to London to seek his fortune, has been cherished and disseminated. This great myth is unique in the long and painful history of human credulity, because there is not a shred of valid evidence to connect the man from Stratford with the authorship of the immortal plays, which bear a name that was not his. "William Shakespeare" appears for the first time in the letters addressed to Lord Southampton with the publication of *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *Lucrece* (1594); but no evidence of any relations between the actor and the peer has been discovered, and nothing is more unlikely than that they even existed.

The scrawling signatures, which, if authentic, are the only specimens of the writing of the most learned man of the age, date from the time when his alleged literary activities had ended, and none of them is spelled "Shakespeare." † If he had won his reputation under the latter name, why did he revert to variants just before his death?

After the appearance of the two narrative poems, the name "William Shakespeare" began to be attached to certain plays successively published as quartos; but these plays had been acted, several years in some cases, before they were published, and nineteen of them, including *Richard II*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard III*, appeared anonymously. It is remarkable that a few plays were

* This marriage bond was originally made out in the name of another woman.

† In "Shakespeare's" marriage bond the name is Shagspere. The text of his will begins: "In the name of God Amen, I, Willim Shackspere." The answers to the interrogatories are signed Wilm Shaxpr. The only letter written to the actor is addressed to Mr. Wm. Shackespere.

printed as by W. Shake-speare, the inserted hyphen being obviously significant.

Love's Labour's Lost, the most learned of all the plays, was acted in 1592 and is pronounced by competent authorities to have been written in 1588, three years after the actor left Stratford. It is absolutely inconceivable that this person could have composed a play of which the scene is laid in the Court of Henry IV at Navarre, and which gives the names of the actual courtiers of the day and even supplies precise details of the payment of a sum as compensation for this monarch's claim on Acquitaine. On the other hand, Anthony Bacon lived three years at the Court of Navarre, and his brother Francis visited him there.

Richard II was regarded as treasonable by Queen Elizabeth, who directed Bacon to discover and punish the author. No suspicion fell on "Shakespeare," and Bacon acquitted the author of treason, but convicted him of "felony" for stealing from Tacitus! Here are a few out of a whole host of facts which have never received a rational explanation.

Last year was the tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio of "Shakespeare's" plays, and we were deluged with learned disquisitions in honour of the myth; but the most important aspects of this historic volume were curiously ignored. The First Folio appeared seven years after the death of the supposed author. It contains plays to which the conventional name had been attached, others published anonymously, and still others previously unknown. Moreover, some of the known plays were re-edited, and new passages, including 1,800 lines in *Hamlet*, were inserted. Who did all this work? Who introduced new plays never attributed to "Shakespeare" and unpublished till 1623? Twelve plays attributed to "Shakespeare" were in circulation when the Folio was published, but were excluded as spurious. Who excluded them? In the prefatory poem by Ben Jonson "The Author" is printed in large capitals and "Mr. William Shakespeare" in small type. What does this mean? And why does Jonson, in this preface, apply to "The Author" a striking phrase, which later he also applied to Bacon?

Some years before the appearance of the Folio, in a letter to his constant correspondent and intimate friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon wrote this revealing sentence:

> I will not return you Weight for Weight but "Measure for Measure" . . . of this, when you were here, I showed you some model, at what time methought you were more willing to hear "Julius Cæsar" commended.

Now, *Julius Cæsar* appeared for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and it is impossible that the actor from Stratford could have written it. Will any sincere Shakespearean make an attempt to clear up these mysteries, to conceal which is flagrantly dishonest?

There are whole masses of further evidence destructive of the myth and discovered by careful investigators, which Shakespeareans have never attempted to controvert. It is beyond question that the author of the plays was familiar with the works of Aristotle, Plato, Euripides, Sophocles, Pliny, Lucretius, Tibullus, Statius, Plutarch, Seneca, Tacitus, Ovid, Virgil, and Cicero, many of these classics being then untranslated. It is also certain that he knew French and Italian, the former so well that, in *Henry V.*, he was able to turn it into slang. He was deeply versed in law, history and all the sciences of his day to which he was able to add. To anyone who reflects what this vast array of knowledge implies, it must be incredible that the whole of the possessor's correspondence should have disappeared, and that the shining lights of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age—Sidney, Bacon, Pembroke, Raleigh, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Herbert, Laud, Selden, Walton, Wooton, Donne and others—left no indication that they had ever heard of the "star of poets," who was to become a "constellation." Ten years after the death of "Shakespeare," Ben Jonson made a list of the great men of his acquaintance, which does not include the Stratford actor!

According to the myth, this living encyclopædia, who hugely enriched the English language, must have laid deep the foundations of his incomparable knowledge and wisdom at Stratford, where of sixteen burgesses only six could write their names, and completed his exhaustive education while hanging about Burbage's theatre for casual employment or acting small parts. The suggestion has been made that genius can achieve anything in any circum-

stances; but there is no instance in all history of such magnificent achievement accomplished in the known conditions of the actor's life. Some more intelligible explanation is imperatively demanded and has not been forthcoming.

The myth rests in part on the words of Ben Jonson, evidently referring to "The Author," since he went out of the way to cover the actor during lifetime with scorn. Will someone make an effort to reconcile this amazing discrepancy? Pseudonyms were common in those days, and Greene, in the *Farewell to Folly* (1591), wrote:—

> Others, if they come to write anything in print which, for their calling and gravity, being loath to have any profaned pamphlets pass under their hand, get some other to set his name to their verses. Thus is the ass made proud by this underhand brokery, and he that cannot write true English without the aid of clerks of parish churches will needs make himself the father of interludes.

The Stratford actor, by means unknown, obtained a grant of arms for his father after making false representations. In *The Return from Parnassus*, acted at Cambridge between 1597 and 1602, the following lines occur:—

> With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
> They purchase lands and now esquires are named.

Who other than "Shakespeare" can have been meant? Surely we have the right to require the exploiters of the myth to elucidate these matters.

Shagspere, Shackspere or Shaxpere, after moving in what Rowe, his first biographer, calls "a very mean rank,"* was promoted to be an actor. There is no evidence that he made any mark, and Rowe, after making particular enquiries, could only discover that "the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." Burbage, however, in 1635, addressed a petition to Lord Pembroke, then Lord Chamberlain and the surviving brother of one of the "Incomparable Pair" to whom the First Folio was dedicated. The petition gives the names of some of his actors, including "Shakespeare," and refers to them collectively as "these deserving men." It is unthinkable that, in this connection, Burbage would not have alluded

* Even Sir Sidney Lee appears to admit this. Bishop Wordsworth significantly wrote: "I am inclined to doubt whether it would be desirable for us to be more fully informed concerning 'our poet's' life. . . . Neither of his daughters could write."

to the author of the plays if he had ever accepted the myth, instead of classifying "Shakespeare" with the rest of his promiscuous company.

The story of the Vicar of Stratford that "Shakespeare" died of the effects of a drinking bout may or may not be apocryphal; but it is a fact that the traditions of his time all present him in an unfavourable or even disreputable light.

The creator of *Hamlet* is supposed to have retired to a petty provincial town to rejoin his illiterate family at what should have been the prime of his intellectual life. After 1597 evidence of his proceedings becomes available for the first time; but not a written sentence of his has ever been discovered. It is not pretended that he wrote *anything* when he lived at New Place, and the activities of the "gentle Shakespeare" were confined to petty trading, to money-lending, and ruthless debt collecting, and to attempts to deprive the citizens of their common lands. Judging from his will, he had not a single book, and his death passed unhonoured and unsung. It was left to General Sir E. Hamley, three centuries later, in the charming phantasy *Shakespeare's Funeral*, to celebrate the obsequies of the greatest of all poets! Cannot the defenders of the myth be induced to furnish some intelligible explanations of these circumstances?

What is called the "Baconian hypothesis" was launched in 1848, and has led to long and diligent research, which has revealed innumerable facts unknown to Bacon's biographer. No one who is not acquainted with the resulting literature is qualified to pass judgment upon either the myth or the "hypothesis." As the years passed on the myth was powerfully reinforced by the growth of vested interests, material and intellectual. What would Stratford suffer if the streams of devout pilgrims were diverted to St. Albans? What would be the feelings of the pundits who have written voluminously in praise of a singularly unattractive impostor? These are the main difficulties with which Baconians have still to contend. They have nothing to gain except the hope of seeing the victory of truth. The Stratfordians, on the other hand, having everything to lose, will not even condescend to reason, while some of them have stooped to forgery.

Among Hans Andersen's tales there is a delightful story entitled *The Emperor's Clothes*. Two ingenious persons represent that they can weave imperial garments which have "the wonderful property of remaining invisible to everyone who was unfit for office, or was extraordinarily simple in character." The Emperor sends a "faithful old Minister" to inspect the looms, where he could see nothing. "Is it possible that I am a simpleton?" he reflects. "I have never thought so myself, and at any rate . . . no one must know it." He therefore writes an able report setting forth the wonderful qualities of the invisible garments, and the town is filled with rumours of their perfection. At length the crucial test arrived. The Emperor was dressed by the experts, and as the procession passed through the streets the people shouted :—

> Oh! how beautiful are our Emperor's new clothes . . . in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes, because in so doing he would have declared himself a simpleton or unfit for his office. But "The Emperor has nothing at all on," said a little child, and what the child said was whispered from one to another, till the crowds repeated the cry. . . The Emperor was vexed, for he knew the people were right; but, he thought, "The procession must go on now."

The moral of the myth closely resembles that of this artless story. The experts provided the obscure actor with regal robes which no one else could see. The courtiers and the mob followed their lead, fearing to be branded as simpletons. The early Baconians, who knew only a fraction of the evidence since discovered, played the part of the "little child." The question now is whether "the crowd" will be permitted to hear the truth, or whether "the procession" of the nude Emperor "must go on"?

Baconians rely on impregnable facts, of which only the following typical examples can here be given :—

1. The appearance of the "Shakespeare" plays exactly fits the known circumstance of Bacon's life. For many years, during which they were coming out, he was living at Gray's Inn working hard at something which his biographer could not fathom. A little volume of ten essays was all that this splendid intellect apparently produced; but letters from Cecil and Bodley show that both guessed at his concealed activities and regarded them as gravely prejudicial to his career. Had he been known to have written the plays, he could never have become Lord Chan-

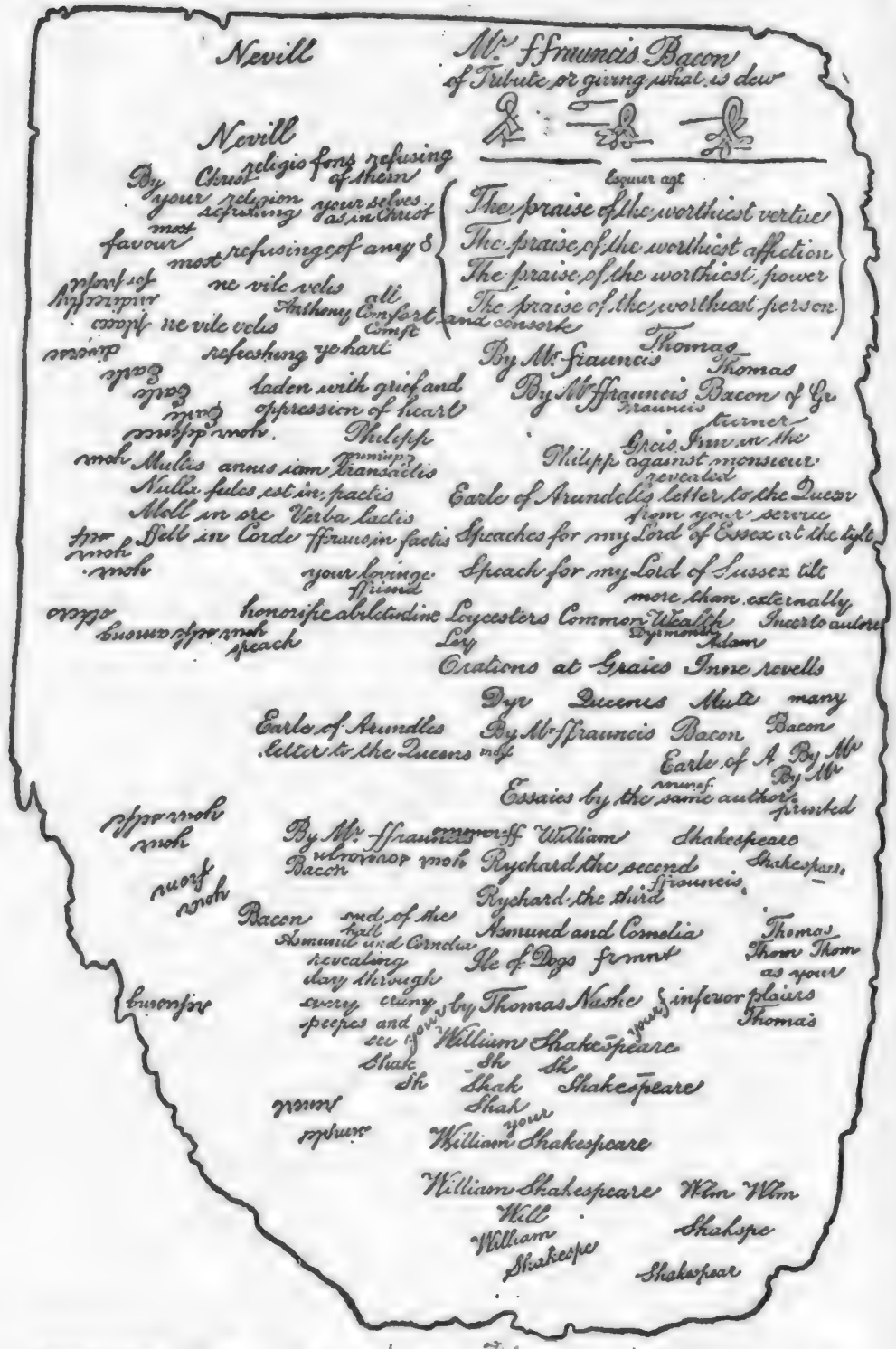
cellor. *The Merchant of Venice* appeared when he was living in seclusion at Twickenham, having recently escaped from the clutches of a "hard Jew" with the assistance of his devoted brother Anthony. Antonio appears as the chivalrous surety in the play.* Are these and many other examples of the closest connection between the plays and Bacon's life accidental coincidences?

2. The literary correspondence between Bacon's acknowledged writings and those attributed to "Shakespeare" is astounding. Not only the same ideas, but actual phrases are common to both. Mrs. Pott and other students have collected large numbers of such parallelisms which should be conclusive to anyone who has read them. Bacon's commonplace book, the *Promus of Formularies and Elegancyes*, in which he jotted down words, expressions, and reflections in five languages, was first published by Mrs. Pott in 1883, and again, in revised form, by Sir E. Durning-Lawrence in 1910. These rough notes have been freely used in the plays. The works of "Shakespeare" are saturated throughout with the ideas, the phrases, and the learning of Bacon, and not even a plausible explanation is forthcoming. In 1867, among the Northumberland papers, a cover of a catalogue of Bacon's works was found, closely scribbled over with the names of Bacon and Shakespeare half formed.† There is also a line from *Lucrece*. This amazing contemporary conjunction (here reproduced) of the two names is unknown to millions of believers in the myth, and their expert instructors do not enlighten them.

3. A volume could be written on the many clues furnished by Bacon to convey the truth to posterity. He described himself as a "concealed poet," and in a letter to Sir John Davis, who was coming to England with King James, he wrote: "Do what you can for concealed poets."

* The name Antonio is repeated in the plays, where many characters bear those of Bacon's friends and associates, of whom the actor could never have heard.

† This tell-tale page was first reproduced in Mr. Edwin Reed's book. The rendering into modern script is taken from Sir E. Durning-Lawrence's pamphlet of 1912. The original handwriting has been identified as that of John Davies, a scholar of Oxford, who wrote a sonnet to Bacon. The word *honorificabilitudine* should be noted. It occurs in a further extended form in *Love's Labour's Lost*, while *honorificabo* is to be found in Bacon's *Promus*.



REPRODUCTION IN MODERN SCRIPT OF FOLIO 1 OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND MSS.

The following lines from the sonnet attributed to "Shakespeare" tell their tale:—

> **Why write I still, all one, ever the same,**
> **And keep invention in a noted weed,**
> **That every word doth almost set my name**
> **Showing their birth and where they did proceed.**
> —*Sonnet* 76.

These lines can have only one meaning. "I have," wrote Bacon in his wonderful prayer, "though in a despized weed, procured the good of all men." The year following the appearance of the First Folio, Bacon published his *Cryptography* at Lunœburg, with a frontispiece admirably engraved. A figure, evidently Bacon, is handing a book or paper to a man with a spear and an actor's buskins. Another figure of an actor is removing the cap of maintenance from Bacon's head, and there are still others obviously designed for the purpose of revelation. The sequence of the historical plays is broken by the absence of Henry VII., written in prose by Bacon with a title page plainly allegorical. Even more remarkable is the title page to *De Augmentis*, in which Bacon seated, with his right hand resting on a folio, presses forward with his left in deep shadow towards a temple on a hill, the figure of an actor holding a clasped book bearing the symbol of a mirror. The revelation intended to be conveyed by these and other elaborately designed engravings is unmistakable; but all such evidence is ignored by Shakespearean experts and unknown to their followers. Can they not be induced to descend from their pedestals, to abandon the pose of disdain, and, quitting vague generalities, to take up the challenges now thrown down by supplying—if they can—rational explanations of simple facts?

To ascertain truth must be the first object of mankind if civilisation is to endure, and the persistence of a myth, which has not even the lure of probability, is doubly unfortunate. It inflicts shameful injustice upon the greatest genius England has produced, and the belief that an illiterate person could surreptitiously absorb all the learning of the Elizabethan age and transmute it into immortal verse is intellectually degrading.

The Spirit of Mercury

By H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn,
M.A., F.N.B.A., F.R.Met.Soc., F.Z.S., F.E.S., etc.
(Author of "The Spirit of the Wild," "Nature's Riddles," "Nature's Nursery," etc., etc.)

WHOEVER had the job of compiling the original Mythological Calendar must have been thinking of the hare when he gave Mercury winged feet. Familiar enough to the lover of country rambles is the long-legged brown figure that darts out from bush or bracken when flushed by the attendant terrier, flashes off like a streak of russet-brown lightning, and is half-way across the county before his would-be pursuer even has time to realise that this was certainly not the ordinary kind of rabbit. Has not "run like a hare" even passed into a proverb? Yet even winged feet cannot always be on duty, and I know a spot where the Spirit of Mercury forgathers nightly with his kind to exchange opinions on the all-absorbing topics of the hour.

In the cold white light of a breathless night I sought the trysting-place. There are times when one's own shadow makes the best company, times when but a whispered word, when even another human presence, will put one out of tune with slumbering nature. This was a night of music—music of a kind that is sensed rather than heard, music born of a velvet silence and a soul attune therewith. Each glistening dewdrop seemed to shed a note of crystal music as I picked my way across the springy turf, nodding harebells rang me their little gentle melodies, while overhead the invincible vault of heaven, like a sparkling symphony of pearls, breathed forth a silver harmony across the moon-bathed slope, ere sinking at length into oblivion beyond the long unbroken line of grisly pines which marched like a phalanx of thunderous chromatic chords right down to the horizon. Each whispering grove that clustered by discoursed a rhapsody, each bracken-studded knoll a pastorale—and no doubt the

thyme-grown ant-hill over which I tripped and all but fell amply symbolised the inevitable discord. . . .

Philomel still slumbered on, for at this point the night was as yet young, and one could count upon a safe hour or more ere the sound of his rich, ecstatic trill could come trickling across the valley, to awaken echoes from a score of answering throats in cloistered nook and shaded spinney, until the erstwhile eerie silence becomes by degrees a very pandemonium of riotous melody. Leaving behind the wide, smooth down-land, with its myriad gossamer spider-webs, diamond-spangled, spread out over the rabbit-cropped sward, I picked up a trail of horses' hooves which points a well-known short cut through the surrounding fringe of brushwood, the long yellow stalks of faded bluebells spread flat on either side where a recent storm had laid them like wisps behind the scythe, and as I struck deeper into the heart of the coppice, the monotonous burr-r-r-r of a nightjar—appropriate name indeed!—suddenly burst jarringly upon the stillness, while small brown objects scurried from my path into the undergrowth. Rose at length, like some gaunt spectre in the waxing moonlight, with naked fingers pointing heavenward, the pathetic husk of a once mighty monarch of the forest, struck by lightning a few years since, and still overlooked by the woodman's axe, and, knowing that my destination was reached, I trod my wariest lest the chance cracking of a twig should scare the elves that I had come to watch as they made merry in the witching hours. A faint breeze fanned my face, so I knew that the dreaded human scent could not reach them, and a moment later found me perched upon a low stile that divides the wood from a forty-acre stretch of sloping meadow-land, amply concealed by the interlacing bushes of hazel and wild guelder-rose.

"Puss," as the hare is familiarly called, may be described as the very embodiment of vitality and *joie de vivre*. And yet—strange mates indeed—hand-in-hand therewith runs fear. She is never out of danger—and can never forget it. In waking or in sleeping, in moving or in resting, in living or in dying, ever stalks beside her lithe brown form that grisly spectre. Danger is the watchword of her life, the keynote of her very existence—danger and

the means of circumventing it. Still, the means are in proportion to the danger—does not the very fact of her continued existence prove that? Had I come down the wind instead of up it, those gaping nostrils would have telegraphed a warning ere I got within a hundred yards; had I stepped too heedlessly in approaching the stile, or chanced to tap my stick against the rail in mounting it, in the flash of a second those enormous open ears of hers, like miniature megaphones, would have magnified the sound a thousandfold and sent her scurrying to safety. Those huge protruding eyes are set at an angle which enables her to see anything approaching from behind as clearly as in front. Within the preposterous length of her hind legs resides a speed incredible; and the flat-topped cranium conceals the wisdom of the serpent.

Thus armed, one would imagine that Puss might suffer her mind to dwell in peace. But is it not in her very alertness to danger that her safety lies? The sudden rustling of a breeze, sometimes even the falling of a leaf, will suffice to send her flying off as though a legion of devils were at her heels. She cannot afford to take any chances. Eighty-nine might be false alarms, but the ninetieth might be genuine. For a space, however, let us lay aside the thought of danger—even as she herself is now trying to do—and regale ourselves with the delightful little pastoral play being enacted before our eyes upon that forty-acre slope. Elves of the moonlight hour! Elves indeed, as their shadowy figures sport about the low ground-roses with which the place is copiously sprinkled, dancing and capering, chasing and chivying, like a pack of children, the widely open ears standing up like grotesque horns as now one, now another, halts with electric suddenness and draws herself up to the full height of her lithe, graceful form in some fleeting apprehension of danger. Hist! All unsuspecting, a pair of the elegant creatures have suddenly appeared from nowhere, shooting up like jack-in-the-boxes from the tangled herbage, and actually stand snuffing the air within a bare twenty yards of my retreat. Elfin lovers, doubtless, wishing—as is the way with lovers of all kinds—to seek a more secluded corner for whispering sweet nothings into—well, one cannot exactly call them *dainty* ears! It would take some

nothings to fill those enormous ear-trumpets! Poised erect on their hind-legs, the furry fore-paws hanging limp like those of a puppy begging, they look for all the world like a pair of marionettes, or the chocolate figures to be seen about Christmastide at the delectable house of Buszard. The soft night breeze, however, is freshening, so that, near though I be, no breath of me can reach them, and for a time the Elfin Prince and his potential consort abandon themselves to the pastime of telling each other the old, old story. This process appears to take the form of a fantastic game on the lines of "follow-my-leader," with frequent intervals for refreshment, the Prince, naturally, playing the *rôle* of follower. In her mind's eye the lady has apparently marked out an imaginary circle of some twenty yards in diameter, the course being defined with the aid of two or three seedling hawthorns and an enormous clump of dandelions. Round and round this imaginary track she proceeds to amble, with the Prince lolloping languidly in her wake. The clump of dandelions, however, proves too much for her susceptibilities. Wild horses, even—assuredly not wild hares—would hardly cajole her into passing on without sampling those succulent stalks. Crunch, crunch, crunch—I can hear the masticating molars quite plainly from my point of vantage; and the Prince, doubtless in obedience to some unwritten law of etiquette, is enjoying a similar "quick snatch" on the opposite side of the clump. Having finished her stalk, the lady gives a little frisk, as though to remind the other that this, primarily, is not a picnic, and sets off again on her circular course, the latter dutifully following with the fag-end of his own stalk still dangling from his mouth. And so on, round they go, now faster, now slower, sometimes he gaining on her, sometimes she on him, now a pause for further refreshment, now for a sip of elfin nectar from the dew-steeped foliage—altogether the most nonchalant, the most lackadaisical method of love-making that ever——

Hark! What was that? I myself heard nothing, but unquestionably some extraneous note has reached the twin pair of ear-trumpets now turned in sudden suspicion towards the spinney that crowns the slope. For an instant the pair stand erect again, nostrils quivering, eyes bulging,

ears twitching, every sense on the alert. . . . Then a sudden coquettish frisk on the part of the lady shows that her own suspense, at all events, is at an end. Not so with the Prince, however. Easy to see that something is wrong—with him, at any rate. Can it be the light of battle that has suddenly caused those great luminous eyes to gleam like living jewels? And is it my imagination, or can it be possible that all in a moment he appears to have become twice his usual size? Aha! I, too, can see the cause of the rift in this would-be matrimonial lute. As has been the way since the beginning of the world, rivalry is about to enter the field! The Princess has sensed his coming, and, woman-like, rejoiced. The Prince had sensed his coming, and, warrior-like, arrays himself for battle.

The first impression that reaches me is the glimpse of something brown moving swiftly through the grass in our direction. An instant later the apparition resolves itself into a fine buck hare which, for some reason best known to himself, is tearing across the slope with the peculiar lolloping gait which distinguishes his kind, at however great a distance, from his little Cousin Rabbit. Is there any need to ask what errand brings him here?

Bristling with outraged fury at such flagrant poaching on his preserves, the gay Romeo stands up to receive cavalry, and his elfin sweetheart, with another coquettish flick of her hind pads, ambles across to the dandelion clump, presumably with the idea of not wasting time while watching the approaching fray. And a right royal fray it is, too! Rising simultaneously to their fullest height, the rivals face one another for two or three breathless instants, slowly circling round as though manœuvring for position—and the next moment four little muscular brown arms are going like flails, battering away at each other's faces with almost incredible velocity. Round and round they go, now one, and now the other, seizing a favourable opportunity to leap into the air, evidently with the intention of getting in a body-blow with his powerful hind legs—a blow which, driven well home, would be almost capable of ripping up his opponent from stem to stern. (No referee to check foul play in Nature's ring!) Both combatants, however, know the danger, and any such attempt

is skilfully dodged. From time to time one of the pair makes a terrific spring forward, breaks through his opponent's guard and bowls him over completely, to roll over and over together for a few seconds in a delightful medley of waving limbs and flying tufts of brown fur, after which they have to rest for a moment to recover their breath ere returning to the charge with redoubled ferocity. And all the time—tell it not in Gath!—all the time that her valiant knights are striving to tear each other's lives out on her account, never for an instant ceases the placid crunch, crunch, crunch at those everlasting dandelions!

For how much longer the bloodthirsty pugilists would have kept it up can only be left to conjecture, although by now they were visibly tiring. I was thrilling with excitement, and more than once barely remembered myself in time to refrain from cheering some unusually effective coup, when, all in a moment, something occurred to bring the duel with dramatic suddenness to an unforeseen conclusion. Something? Nothing at all really. It shows, however, the state of tension in which these elves of the moonlight hour seem to live and move and have their being! Up till now the pale Queen of Night had been grinning satirically down upon the scene like a gigantic china plate suspended by invisible wires, and all of us had been far too intently occupied to notice a bank of dark clouds drifting up on the light breeze. Could it possibly have been merely the abrupt eclipse of Luna that worked the oracle? I could see nothing else, I could hear nothing, and, on crossing the field a moment later, I could still find nothing that could have caused the three of them suddenly to turn and bolt like the wind in different directions! Anyhow, I never saw the end of that little Idyll of the Elves. But it must be terrible to live in such a state of nerves!

An experience like this makes one feel that one knows one's hare as never before. Not this the palpitating captive conveyed in bag or basket that she may be done to death to "make a Roman holiday"; not this the panic-stricken fugitive, with bulging eyes and wildly beating heart, fleeing for dear life from the merciless snap of gleaming fangs drawing nearer, and ever nearer, until . . . The scream of a gripped hare is a thing not lightly to be

forgotten! Why cannot some clever inventor, in the interests of humanity, take the trouble to evolve a mechanical creature that would answer the purpose equally well? On her native heath Puss does get a sporting chance, and makes the most of it—sometimes even to the extent of making fools of both hounds and hunters. Occasionally, indeed, an old hand, up to all the dodges, will survive several seasons, enjoying the fun as keenly as a party of children playing hare and hounds, baffling her pursuers so successfully that in time they get to know the crafty old rascal, and can hardly be induced, for very shame, to give chase to her! Everyone knows how a hare can "double" when hard pressed, thus gaining fresh respite for herself while the pursuer is carried onwards by the force of his own impetus, and it is at times highly edifying to watch the astounding neatness with which she will perform this manœuvre time after time. One quite feels for the exasperated hound. Yes, there is no doubt that Puss is a past-master of strategy. It is one of Nature's compensations for having made her such a toothsome morsel. Sometimes, when beginning to tire, she will resort to the clever expedient of starting another hare and forcing it to take on the business in her stead—after the manner of the "relay races" which are coming into fashion just now. The original fugitive crouches down in the other one's hiding-place, and the pursuers go tearing off after the one that they can see, inwardly wondering, no doubt, why their quarry has suddenly become so surprisingly fresh! Hares have been known to run along the top of a smooth clipped hedge for some distance in order to throw off the scent, others to swim down a stream, and, landing on the other side some distance off, successfully to outwit the field by this device.

These are not by any means isolated instances. In such a case as this drastic measures are called for to maintain the balance of Nature, and for craftiness and presence of mind the hare would any day give points even to her fellow-fugitive the fox. She has need to, indeed—for is not that very fellow-fugitive her deadliest foe? If in the sober hours of daylight her enemies are as the sand of the sea for number, there is no doubt that the red-coated danger that walketh in darkness presents a far more

formidable proposition for the defenceless hare than all the hounds in Christendom.

Unlike a rabbit, the hare is so constituted that she never becomes fat, however luxuriant the pasturage in which she has been reared: like a professional athlete, she is always "in training," and the value of this is self-evident. Again, the extravagant proportions of her hind legs prove an extremely valuable asset, enabling her to outstrip any pursuer with consummate ease so long as the course is *uphill*; she cannot travel downhill at any speed without rolling head over heels. When pursued, therefore, she will trade upon this peculiarity to good purpose, tacking like a ship at sea in order to get in the maximum amount of uphill work. The only mistake she makes—and unfortunately it is one that only too often costs her life—lies in an incurable habit of over-doing the crouching "stunt." Relying upon the similarity of her colour to the brown earth, she will often remain crouching until one almost steps on her. No doubt she often does escape by means of this instinct, but it is equally true that many instances must arise when the instinct can only be described as a perverted one, and the hare as a perfect idiot!

There is no denying that Puss is destructive to the farmer's young corn. But then, who isn't? Voles, rats, mice, rabbits, birds of countless species, straying cattle or horses, hounds and hunters—all take a hand in the destruction of the farmer's corn, whether young or old. In plantations, too, she frequently commits serious havoc by gnawing the bark of young trees. Our English hare does not occur in Ireland. They have a species of their own—as in the case of Parliaments and bacon, they seem to prefer the home-made product. Owing to the more favourable climatic conditions, they increase very rapidly over there, and great numbers have to be shot in order to keep them from developing into a veritable plague. But whenever I notice a long brown form hanging in a poulterer's window, her poor head encased in a kind of glorified gas-mask, there floats for an instant before my mind's eye the vision of that fay-ridden slope in the cold white light, and I try not to think of her in her rightful kingdom—Elf of the moonlight hour!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Truth In Advertising

"Well, what's the noos, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle, as he watched Sergeant Murphy zealously studying the evening paper.

"News is it?" replied the Sergeant. "Sure there isn't anny, except that Wembley's goin' sthrong, and bar-silver—somethin' in your line, Heddle—is in demand. It's thryin' weather likely for thim American tourists that come here with a thirst that 'ud kill a camel. And—oh, yes, advertisin' delegates have rolled up in their tins of thousands for the annual jamboree and beanfeast. From America and Canada and Japan and Mexico and Alaska and Aldgate and ivery other part of the more or less civilised globe the lads that make newspapers worth spindin' a pinny on have converged on London, armed with horn spectacles, roll-top desks, and uplift expressions for use at their great convintion and revival meetin'."

"Wot for?" asked Heddle.

"To vindicate the honour of the advertisin' profission. To raise aloft the banner of Honest-to-God Advertisin'. To proclaim in the teeth of foul slandherers of a gifted occupation that what the advertiser says three times must be thrue. To convince the more or less intelligent reader that where the official statemint from the Bank of England may be accepted with some reserve, and Hansard scanned with a sceptical smile, the quarther-page ad. relatin' to Puffer's Perfect Pickles goes forth like Cæsar's latest wife—without a query-mark on its escutcheon."

"I once bought a gramophone by post," began Heddle.

"Serve you right," interrupted the Sergeant. "So did I. But from now on you're safe. You're a ward of the advertisin' profission. Advertisin' min have found grace. They're thripping' over wan another to get to the pinitints' binch, and from there to megaphone the glad tidin's that they're goin' to live down the past be tellin' the truth and shamin' the divil in all their announce-mints—as soon as the present conthracts have expired."

"Will they do it, do ye think?" asked the other.

"I hope not," said the Sergeant. "Sure the paper's

goin' to be as dull as an ironmonger's catalogue as soon as the advertismints appear without a soup spoon, as the Frinch call it, of fiction to give them a flavour.

"What's the good of tellin' us that Fidler's Flypapers have got enough arsenicated glue on them to make the most reckless fly rue the day that he threspassed on wan of thim? We prefer to be told, 'Rid Your Home of Flies Be Usin' Fidler's Fearless Flypapers,' and to see a picture of a beautiful interior, without a single insect on the wing, but with a mass meeting of depressed-lookin' flies on a sheet of paper in the corner. Thin what harm does it do if each of six different brands of cigarettes announces that it is the best and purest smoke in the world, and that with wan of anny of thim inserted in your face, you can laugh at anny throubles from bankruptcy to bigamy?

"And women—do you think they want to be told the whole truth? Sure as long as the advertismints keep rollin' out the ould tune, so long will every woman think that some day she'll banish her freckles or regain that peach-like bloom that she never owned, or flaunt that sylph-like figure that Cuthbert's Corsets has bestowed on millions of the beautifullest women that ever was filmed.

"Heddle, the grandest thing in the world is hope, and if your advertismints are goin' to be endorsed be a declaration on oath, the divil a much hope they'll hold out to the unlucky women that find the mirror no stimulant. And the man that has made gout or dyspepsia the hobby of his declinin' years, what the divil sort of joy will he have in life if all the patent medicines are goin' to be indecently truthful?"

"Don't ye believe in advertisements?" asked Heddle.

"I do indeed," said the Sergeant. "After the openin' speeches at the Advertisin' Convintion I believe every advertisin' man. But—in me own office, *The Daily Hoot*, we've four young min who are managers in the Display Ads. Section. Three out of the four are premachoorely and disgracefully bald. All the same, for the last two years we've been carryin' no less than five big ads. regularly, each wan guaranteein' to cure baldness in three months and to take away that underdhressed feelin'. How do you account for that?"

"Maybe they haven't tried a cure," suggested Heddle.

"Maybe they've thried the lot," replied Sergeant Murphy.

Valse Triste

By Phyllis Mégroz

A WOMAN took me by the hand
And bade me dance at her command,
And slow, soft, languorous we swayed together
As clouds becalmed in languid thunder weather.
Her face was wan as death,
Her bosom chiller than his chilly breath,
Her mouth death-cold,
And yet behold
Within her eyes two fires burned bright
Like funeral pyres that glittered in the night.

Around us rose a swirl of sighs.
"Woman, what flames within your eyes?
What are those fires
That have no heat to warm your breast
Which, frozen, to my own is pressed?"
She said: "They are your own desires
Reflected gleaming in my eyes."
She said: "I am your Self that cries
For ghost illusions never spanned,
Therefore I take you by the hand,
I am your Dream Self grown too wise."

Sudden light-fingered phantoms of the air
Loosed out the shrouded closeness of her hair,
Till flying, flying, flying free, it stung
A sleeping phrenzy in her and she swung
In widening circles swifter through the gloom,
Sweeping me whither, in what mighty room,
In what wild invocation, and to whom?

TO ROBERT BROWNING

O Self, I lean
Close to thee seeking what thy dance may mean.
Say, will you burst
The sealed fountainhead for which I thirst?
Tear down the veil
Of mortal flesh, and titan-strong assail
The virgins of the stars? . . . Dream Self, you fail,
You drag me down to what awaited doom,
An offering, a sacrifice, to whom?

The woman said: "Behold your hands
Are shackled fast by subtle bands.
Your dreams have bound you, your desires
Consume you in their living fires."

To Robert Browning

A Japanese Appreciation

By Yone Noguchi

You are a smoking-room story-teller of the pageant of life
seen by senses,
Your gusto in speech turns your art into obscurity,
Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:
You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric pride.
You are sometimes riotous to escape from anarchism.
Your great thirst for expression makes you a soul-
wounding romancer,
You often play the mystagogue, and appear cruel.
You are a glutton of colourful adventures.
You are a troubadour serenading between the stars and
Life,
Your love song on a guitar torments us even physically;
You are a realist who under the darkness purifies himself
into the light of optimism;
You are a griffin wildly dancing on human laughter.

Asma

By Benvenuta Solomon

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

A POET craved the winds to blow.—
Then woke the northern blast,
And pain and sorrows fell like snow
On gardens where it passed.

Again he prayed. The south wind came,
Sun-warmed and fiercely gay;
Blew secret flowers to living flame
And kissed the snows away.

When all the winds of north and south
Upon his heart had hurled,
Its spices through the poet's mouth
Flowed out upon the world.

The Shriving

By Dora Christie Murray

Tears. Of what use they?
The hard, cold heart, once pulsing bright, hath
lost its all.
Why weep? It will not mend the shattered soul,
Nor bring to life the beauty that was thine;
" Nay, child, let the weary eyes well up,
For hopeless tears, as softly falling rain,
Bring sleep to the weary heart,
And sleep folds rest within his rainbow pinions:
So, in time, his light fingers pressing,
The unassuaged grief will sink to nought,
The world will call stilled joy to life.
Invoke thy tears, nor stay the torrent's flow;
Then dry-eyed take the staff of Life once more,
To walk across the paving stones that shrive.
So shall come Peace."

When Moods Have Passed

By Percy Ripley

To read within " a chronicle of wasted time," unenlivened by fancy's skill, is to spend an hour mostly in sober fashion, and yet from these churchwardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, comes an air not all of melancholy. If each musty leaf unmistakably breathes forth the common heritage, he who reads dwells awhile in the quietness which lies beyond striving, and the vanities recorded bring smiles wherein is no uncharitableness. When nobler philosophies fail (and who is proof against their occasional decline?) it is in a measure comforting to turn to the neglected familiarity that what we endure others have experienced, and that the single end to life's diversity is humanity's bond. Here are set down the passing of knights and ladies, the burial of Thomas of the Convict House and the interment of Mr. John, the Queen's fool. Prince, pauper, jester, far removed in life, are inscribed as members of one brotherhood, and the faded ink tells alike of the temporal power of kings and the sadness of motley. To some torches and tapers and ringing of the great bell, but it is the fitting simplicity of the entry of poor Thomas, for whom was received no fee, that makes him an object of sympathetic curiosity and rescues him from oblivion more effectually than pomp and pageantry. The man who was slain in St. James's field, he who died in Tothill Street going to St. Armille's ward, and the one that did cut his own throat are uniform with the fortunate and the great, though no one paid the sixpence required to secure their knelling. Time's perspective, indeed, exalts the humble and makes pitiful the pride of kings. The fuming Almoner who was mollified with 2*s.* 4*d.* when he would have sealed up the church doors because the bells did not proclaim the glory of His Majesty is a sorry figure in the cold light of centuries, and the bishop who consumed capons excites but a mild interest. Old John, who begged

at Hay Cross, against whom is entered the quaint indictment that he contributed "nîl" to the church, is at this distance a more interesting figure.

Turn where you will, the drop-curtain of melancholy hangs in solemn beauty behind the actors called to faint life again, but to leave the town for the records of a country priory is to find sadness of a different kind, mingled as it is with the peace of wood and field. Perhaps it is a cherished belief in a pastoral golden age which gives magic to the words; certainly descriptions of old countryside activities have within them an abiding serenity, suggesting as they do a time

> When tender ewes brought home with evening Sunne
> Went to their foldes
> And to their holdes
> The shepheards trudge when light of day is done.

Little is told here of final rites; we mourn rather the tasks that once sufficed for the day, carefully set down as performed upon the priory lands—thatching, claying, gathering of reeds, washing and clipping of sheep and the winding of wool, the setting of willows and the threshing and dressing of mustard seed. Sometimes, in spite of progress, in spite even of slowly broadening freedom, we feel inclined to accept that the great art of the past was achieved through a peace of mind to which we cannot now attain; that we move ever from the native springs of inspiration. The English countryside, we sadly say, source of all that is most pleasing in our poetry, has seen its prime, and some who come after may know of its beauties only as we now know of the vanished loveliness of ancient lands. Will they, with all their marvels, be as happy as those folk out of whose quiet delight sprang the music in the names of England's wild flowers? Truly, this record of St. Mary's, Huntingdon, creates a mood more of wistfulness than of melancholy, a regret for a fine essence of the spirit shed abroad in less ambitious days. There is, too, a sense of lost fellowship. Wright and smith, neatherd and ploughman, the bellman who cried stray pigs and "one of the Kynge's hunters that came with many of his houndes." Is it because there is something inherently English in these names that the appeal enters so deeply, for do we not feel

a kinship with these homely people such as no recital of modern trades and callings can by itself awaken?

The book of country priory and the book of town church now lie closed together, and in them the past is safely sealed again. For an idle hour one may be deceived and hold that innocence and tranquillity are beyond recall, but the ancient truth will not be long away that their kingdom is in the heart and by no years confined. Industrialism extends, hitherto in sprawling, ugly fashion, but its growth marks the triumphant advance of man's mind, through which the spirit can alone express itself. Nature, by famine and pestilence, full many a time has betrayed the heart that loved her, and she must be made to serve man unwaveringly, as he himself seeks to serve his ideal. In Nature's caprices and tyrannies paganism found incentives to worship; grateful for beauty, we nevertheless recognise her cruelty and imperfection and give no unquestioning allegiance. In faithfulness alone to that which is planted deeply in us we draw the world's riches through the testing place of the spirit and retain only those that become purified in the process. Before the unity of utility and beauty which we attempt, the achievements of the past become small-proportioned and extolling their never-to-be-repeated glories the exercise of faint hearts. "He forgets that he can die who complains of misery," says Sir Thomas Browne; "we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own." There speaks the past. We of a later age need no such consolation, but battle each with his own ills in the sure knowledge that, according to the degree of our success, humanity is freed from its woes. Death, then, shall hunt us to the end of Time and fail in his quest. Mortality links only that which we are glad passes away: there are bonds of finer forging.

Grievously Vexed

By Chris Sewell

People often say to me, "Oh, Miss Parviss, you *must* have had psychic experiences! You've got just the eyes that see things—you have really."

Once at a Christmas party at the Baldwins', when they turned down the gas and pretended to tell ghost stories, Nancy Baldwin's married sister from Dublin seized hold of my elbow. "Miss Judith," she whispered, "you could make us creep and shiver if you only would. You're so *remote*. You know heaps that we don't."

But they're wrong. At least, I think they are. All our family, except Carrie, have no-colourish eyes like mine, and a calm holding-in manner; but we've never (so far as I know) seen anything worse than our own reflections.

Curiously enough, the only symptom of mystery that ever came my way concerned Carrie herself. Carrie wasn't remote. Good gracious! She'd have made friends with a rhinoceros if he'd let her, and her thoughts went darting about in her face like goldfish in a pool. Mother had died when she was born, as if the effort of bringing a real beauty into the world after us three plain ones was too much for her. And Carrie's beauty, I'm bound to say, went right through—soaked into her, so to speak.

When young Herriot came back from India after five years, and shot over our farm with his father, he said, "Carrie hasn't altered a scrap. I believe she'd coddle a kariat if she thought it had tummy ache." A kariat is a nastyish snake they have out there, and his chaff just meant that the twenty-year-old girl could no more bear to see anything hurt than the fifteen-year-old flapper who used to tear about the fields with him. Every animal on the farm down to the smallest duckling was Carrie's pet. She never touched meat, for all she looked so bonny; and she was just as "mothery" and loving to her family,

though she was the youngest—nursing us day and night if we needed it, and making peace in all our borders, as old Mr. Jey, the Rector, used to say. He'd christened and prepared her for Confirmation, and always declared she was one of the lesser saints, and ought to be beatified or sanctified, or whatever they do. She made nothing of battling up to the Rectory through sleet on a December night, if she knew the old gentleman had one of his headaches, to see if she could run any messages for him. I well remember his saying to me as we came out of Sunday school one afternoon (Carrie was walking on ahead like the Pied Piper in petticoats with the children dangling after her), "Judith, someone we won't specify must find your little sister a hard nut to crack—I never can discover a weak place in her armour myself!"

And, honestly, I don't believe she had one. The Rector had just gone off for his summer holiday, I remember, when Hector Torrance appeared on the scene. He was an artist. They're not uncommon with us, for our Wye scenery entices them, especially in the spring. Dad discovered him painting Rundle's Mill, and, being one of the hospitable sort, brought him in to tea. After that he was made free of The Pollards and came in whenever he liked, which was often. I took a turn against him right off: yes, I did, though the others simply raved about his looks and cleverness, and got maudlin about him because he said he was alone in the world. But I'm like that sometimes. Perhaps it's why my eyes were made a bit prominent—to see farther into people than ordinary eyes. I couldn't pick out what offended me exactly—Mr. Torrance's manners were perfect—but it was something about the curve of his upper lip. Straight it was, with a little sneer at one corner; and the way he stroked Flurry, our Aberdeen, put my back up. Williejohn was quite annoyed with me and declared I was getting old-maidish and put out prickles when new folk were about. Perhaps I did; and anyway, I never cared greatly for men, but I can read little signs on their faces as clearly as I can read print, if that's what they call being psychic. And I knew for certain that people who gloated in torture chambers or turned thumb-screws in Inquisition times had upper lips like Hector Torrance.

And once I was near him when a hare which the beagles had been coursing died on our lawn. . . . It was pitiful—its struggles and shrieking, and the poor, weak, frightened head turned this way and that as if it was looking for one friend. Carrie wasn't there, thank God! but Hector Torrance was, and he *liked* it—not the excitement or the shouting, but the pain. Why, even Dad, who was no more squeamish than most farmers, said it was loathsome and made him sick; and Hector pretended to agree with him. But he couldn't deceive me.

He always ran up to London for the week-end, but all that summer, from Monday till Saturday, he was constantly in and out of The Pollards; and it was soon as plain as a rook's nest in December that he came after Carrie. I will be fair. I think from the first she had a fascination for him far beyond the ordinary fascination of a pretty girl for a man.

Often on hot evenings, when the six of us were sitting at the edge of the big zinnia bed with our backs to the plantation, he would let his clasped hands fall between his knees and watch her—just watch her. I cannot tell you why his expression as he did so brought to my mind the Bible king who refused to go into battle without counting the cost (you wouldn't connect Hector Torrance with the Bible, as a rule), but so it did. It seemed to me that he found something—I can't just express it—but something *obstructive* in Carrie—something that he'd have to fight a way through with gimlets and iron bars. I have often wondered since how far she was in love with him, and how far he hypnotised and mesmerised and compelled her to be. That he meant to marry her from the moment he set eyes on her I have not the slightest doubt.

Very soon it seemed that events were chasing each other in a whirl, as you may say—making you giddy.

To begin with Hector and Carrie got engaged with the full consent of Dad (glamoured, Dad was, or he'd have made more enquiries about his future son-in-law) and good-natured chaffing from the others.

"Can't you wish me happiness, Judy, dear?" Carrie said on the night it was announced, sort of pleading with me. I was sitting on the edge of my bed (we shared a room) kicking off my slippers, and she came and sat beside

me and put an arm round my shoulder. "I can *wish* it you, dearie," I said, "and I do"—I stopped, and she drew in her breath very quickly.

"But you don't think I'll get it?"

And I didn't answer, but got up and began to brush my hair.

Then the whole affair of the wedding was so unaccountable. It makes my head swim sometimes when I try to sort it out and ask myself why on earth we allowed it all as meekly as we did. It was the first chance of such a thing we'd had, and naturally, in a village like ours, where there had been Parvisses at The Pollards for three hundred years, there should have been a bit of a kick-up—the schoolchildren throwing flowers and the farm hands to supper in the barn. People *expect* it. Mind you, I was to blame. I ought to have taken matters in hand long before I did and begun preparations. I was the housekeeper and the eldest. Perhaps instinctively I always hoped it might be broken off. And then Aunt Lucy Bolt wanted Carrie up at Highgate to help her to settle into a house, and that dawdled away a month; and suddenly one evening, just as I was saying we must wake up and take a day at Monmouth choosing the trousseau, Carrie burst into an hysterical little laugh and then into tears, and told us she'd been married in London at a Registry Office quite unbeknown even to Aunt Lucy Bolt. They were all in the room at the time—Dad, Amy, Willie-john—and, my word, it *was* a bomb. If it had been anyone but Carrie, as Dad said when he could speak, people might have chattered; but Carrie was like—was it Cæsar's wife?—in that way, and besides everyone knew they'd only anticipated matters by a few weeks. It seemed that Hector detested what he called "displays," and he'd talked Carrie over, trusting to his own wheedling way to get round Dad later on.

He came in the next morning, very repentant and handsome, and brought the certificate with him, and was all apologies and blarney. He hated the notion, he said, of a lot of clacking women who only thought of a sacrament in terms of chiffon and satin. He said it was indecent. By the time he'd done talking and showing his awfully good teeth, the others began to think he was right.

But I'm obstinate, I suppose, for I stuck to my point.

"You might have had it in a church, anyway," I said. "No Parviss has ever been married hole and corner like that before."

And then he looked at me beseechingly with his black eyes.

"You're quite right, Judith," he said; "we ought. If you'd only been there now——"

And that made them rather laugh at me. I could see they were all coming round to think weddings were a nuisance.

At last Dad decided that we wouldn't tell the villagers any particulars, but merely say they'd been married quietly in London because they both disliked a fuss.

Well, at the end of the summer he took her to his flat in West Norwood, where he taught in some art school and painted pictures between whiles; and we didn't see her for three months.

And then she came down for Christmas and he came with her. She was very well dressed—much better than she'd been at home. And just as devoted and unselfish as ever. But it always seemed to me, if she came up and kissed me on the hop, as she had a habit of doing, that her kisses were different—sort of desperate and clinging, like kisses on a scaffold.

Hector seemed absolutely wrapped up in her—hardly letting her out of his sight, and she was very gentle with him.

And yet . . . I knew her so well, you see, sharing rooms and all . . . and I was as positive as I am that I've hair on my head and nails at my finger ends that somewhere, or somehow, she'd come up against Fear—not the ordinary kind that comes over you in waves now and again, but something abominable, that never lets you rest. And she was always pulling away from it. When Amy suggested going back with them for a week, Carrie put her off. Laughing she was, but I know she didn't want any of us. She said that they were so cramped in their little flat at present, with Hector taking up the only big room for his studio, that Amy must wait till they could get the house at Hampstead they had promised themselves.

But, really, in her soul, she was hoping she'd be dead before that house was taken—I knew it, and she knew that I did. It had always been difficult for us to deceive each other.

Except for these feelings and intuitions, you understand, there was really nothing to lay hold of. Maybe, too, I was a bit jumpy, for we'd had an unlucky summer with some cattle-maiming which we never traced, and Carrie's engagement had monopolised her so that we quarrelled more among ourselves than usual; and that, of course, is worrying.

And then the night before Carrie and Hector went back to London I slipped out about eight to take a custard pudding to poor old Jesse Stagg in Barn Lane. I had to skirt the churchyard wall, and there was snow on the ground which muffled my footfalls down to nothing, though I believe I always step rather softly.

I was almost abreast of the lych gate on my way back when I heard a sound—a low, sneering, throaty sound—like the giggle of a lunatic who has just done something indescribably beastly. It came from beyond the yew tree which leans over old Squire Herriot's vault.

I can't tell you how loathsome it was! Sometimes, when I'm run down or too much alone, I hear it still. A sound can mean so much, can't it? I stopped as if someone had tugged at my skirts from behind, but it wasn't repeated. I drew sharply back into the shadow of the big cypress, and waited—almost choking with the banging of my heart—for something awful to happen.

Nothing did.

Only Hector Torrance came walking out of the gate, very upright and good-looking in the glint of the moonlight. . . .

When you come to think of it, why shouldn't he? He knew people in the village, and he might have been doing a hundred and one things.

I didn't try to catch him up or speak to him about it, but that night at supper I could not help looking at that upper lip of his; and I noticed for the first time that he had a trick of spreading out the fingers of his left hand very slowly and crumpling them in again, as if—but that's silly, of course.

When Carrie gave us all farewell hugs the next morning it was exactly as if she was saying "At your service, jailor," on the steps of the guillotine—or I imagined it was.

Well, they just paid flying visits like that till the end. Hector always seemed the perfect lover, but always I realised that Carrie was being besieged in the very soul of her, and was holding out—holding out—always holding out, though I'm not at all sure that she knew it.

Once when I was dreaming about her, as I often did (for I worried a good bit), she was Kate Barlass with her arm across a door, and behind that door I knew there were —things too shocking even to think about.

I awoke soaked with perspiration, saying, quite aloud: "But when her arm breaks——?"

I spoke, didn't I, about Hector and Carrie coming down at intervals until the end?

The end, I must tell you, came like a streak of lightning one March morning.

They'd been married just seven months when we had to wire for Carrie to poor Dad's deathbed; and Hector came with her, of course, though I hoped he wouldn't, and watched Dad's last agony with the fingers of his left hand spreading out and curling, and the same veiled look on his face as there had been when the coursed hare died. I was the only one who noticed it, and I began to think I must be a wicked woman.

On the day of the funeral he had a very bad sick headache and could not attend, and for the first time it struck me with a sort of rush that I'd never seen him inside a church at all—ever.

He was driving Carrie back the next day in a new two-seater car which they'd bought, when a tyre burst just outside the village by the first clump of firs on the Hopham road. Hector was killed outright, and they thought at first that Carrie was dead. They brought her back to the farm looking worse than he. You can imagine what we felt like, this coming only four days after poor Dad and all.

She lay unconscious for nearly a week; but she did not die, and when she recovered she went ahead quickly. Almost at once we were able to tell her about Hector, and she was very quiet and brave and bore it magnificently.

And soon she began to go about in the ordinary way. . . . She never spoke about him—never even asked to see his grave. . . .

I can't recollect when I first noticed the difference in her. Tiny little signs had worried me since she regained consciousness, but I put them away from me. The day she came downstairs, I fancy it was, that I couldn't deceive myself any longer.

I looked up suddenly from my sewing—I was sitting opposite to her, and I caught her eyes fixed on me.

They had the same expression of finding something obstructive that I had seen in Hector's eyes when he used to sit by the zinnia bed, and her upper lip was flattened down with a slight sneer at the corner of it.

For the moment she was a total stranger to me.

I went very cold and my spine tickled; I pretended the fire wanted mending and stooped down to do it. When I looked up it was Carrie again with nothing odd about her.

She was very anxious to share my bedroom as she used to do; but when she suggested it I found that the notion scared me so horribly that I knew, wherever she slept, I should bar and bolt my door to make sure she was outside.

Wasn't it awful? And *Carrie*, of all people!

Even Williejohn noticed something amiss, though he only thought she had lost her looks a bit and was quieter.

He put it down to shock, which was quite enough to account for anything; and when he found poor little Flurry by the duck pond with his throat cut, he said we'd better not tell Carrie, but pretend he'd just strayed away.

Unfortunately, I'd surprised her washing her hands the very same morning. She said she'd been for a stroll in the woods and cut the palm of her right hand with a stone as she tried to pull up a fern. Perhaps she had. I wish I hadn't been so anxious to find the scar. . . . I didn't find it.

A little later on she ran up to London and sold off her furniture and settled down just as if she'd never married at all.

She took to visiting in the village again, but I very soon realised she must not do that. She *frightened* the people

—Carrie, to whom every door and every heart used to be thrown wide. I went with her to see little Mrs. Underwood's youngest boy. He was fearfully ill with pneumonia. Carrie stood looking down at his struggles for breath very pitifully, but as I stood beside her I felt a gentle touch on my thigh. It was the fingers of her left hand. They were spreading and curling—spreading and curling—as if . . . I don't think she was aware she'd touched me.

There were other things, too; but you'd think me silly if I told you.

At last I thought I must be going mad to let such ideas as I had come within a mile of me—*Carrie*, you know!

And then two of our best cart horse colts died in a morning—poisoned, the vet. thought, and that settled me: I put on my hat and ran, literally ran, up to the Rectory.

The Rev. Mr. Jey had come every day to enquire when Carrie was ill, though she always made some excuse and would never see him.

Quite out of breath I was when I arrived, but I took no notice of his "Sit down, my dear."

I told him several things right off as we stood facing one another in his little square study crammed with books. We were both as white as curds before I'd done.

"Judith," he said, after a silence which seemed to cut clean into me, and he pushed his spectacles to his forehead as he always did when really upset: "I've *heard* of such things, and I'm too old to disbelieve the impossible."

He wheeled round at the book shelves and ran his finger quickly along the backs of the books. He was a great scholar.

"I thought so," he muttered to himself; "here it is. It's a very ancient service. The R.C.'s use it—God knows if——. Look here, can you get her into the church, say, to-morrow at ten?"

"I don't think so," I said, "but I'll try."

Then he wrung my hand, and I didn't speak, because I couldn't, but sort of stumbled away home.

I *did* get Carrie into the church. I pretended that the village would be talking if she didn't go and look at her husband's grave.

But we never reached the grave. When we were

passing the church porch I took her by the shoulders and pushed her in. I was always the stronger of the two—and desperation had made me a Samson.

The Rector was there, already robed, and dry about the lips, and he began at once—while I held her. . . .

I don't think I can tell you about it. Some things happen, and you dare your mind to ever dwell on them again. If they come back to you in the night you just get up and light a candle—and read a bit. Well, it was like that!

Her *screams!* It was as though an old hag who'd lived for a hundred vile years was being burnt at the stake. I never knew how we had the courage to go on; but we both loved her, you see. By and by she sank down and fell into a sleep—just as people do after a bad fit. We cushioned up her head and I covered her with my coat, and for an hour we watched there, clutching each other's hands and shaking like leaves. Once I had to go out into the churchyard, where I was most fearfully sick.

We had some awful bad moments when we thought her breathing had stopped; but the Rector knew about pulses, and he promised me she was not dying. And at last she woke up. . . .

My word, talk about hearts bursting through ribs—I thought mine had and was rattling about loose under my skin somewhere.

But from the moment her eyes were properly open we knew it was our very own Carrie come back.

You could no more have doubted it than you could doubt the roof of the church overhead.

And until her death—she only lived to be thirty-five—she remained as though that ghastly marriage had never been.

And, of course, you can explain every bit of it away as shock and hysteria, and so on—if you like.

Williejohn and Amy did.

Mars at His Nearest

By G. H. Lepper, F.R.A.S.

On August 23rd Mars will make the closest approach to the earth that has occurred since telescopes powerful enough to reveal the surface markings which give this planet its peculiar interest have been in existence. Owing to the considerable ellipticity of the orbit of Mars, it makes a fairly close approach to the earth at every seventh "opposition," successive oppositions, or passages of the earth directly between Mars and the sun, occurring at intervals of rather more than two years. The minimum distance between the earth and Mars can only be attained when the date of opposition is August 24th, since on that date the earth is at the point in its orbit which is nearest to the much more oval orbit of Mars. But for all practical purposes the fact that opposition takes place this year a few hours before the best possible moment will make no appreciable difference in the apparent size of Mars. The actual distance separating the two globes on August 23rd will be rather less than 35,000,000 miles, whereas when opposition occurs with the earth near its winter solstice the distance is nearly twice as great.

At his closest Mars has an apparent diameter of only 25 seconds of arc. That is to say that his disc must be magnified about 75 diameters to make it appear as large as the moon looks to the naked eye. Under the most favourable conditions it is rarely possible to employ a greater magnification than 750 with good effect, so that ten times the apparent diameter of the moon to the naked eye represents about the limit of our power to subject the planet to minute scrutiny. As a rule not much more than half this optimum is possible owing to disturbances in our own atmosphere and in that of Mars, all air movements being magnified proportionately. Indeed, it may be said that at the best we see Mars rather less distinctly than

we can see the moon with a pair of opera glasses. It is with a view to minimising the interference of our own atmosphere that special sites have been selected for observatories which make the study of the planets their chief work.

Three important observatories pay particular attention to Mars whenever the planet is visible. The oldest is the famous Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, at an altitude of more than 7,000 feet above sea-level, which was founded thirty years ago by the late Dr. Percival Lowell, a wealthy American who devoted more than a quarter of a century to the study of Mars. At Mandeville, Jamaica, some 2,000 feet above sea-level, Professor W. H. Pickering, who also began observation of Mars more than thirty years ago, has long maintained an observing station (in conjunction with the Harvard College Observatory) devoted mainly to observation of Mars and the moon. Professor Pickering also acts as a sort of clearing-house for observers of Mars, and issues periodical reports on the results achieved. The third observatory mainly engaged in this class of work is that of M. Jarry-Desloges—a French counterpart of Dr. Lowell—at Setif, on the Algerian plateau, at an altitude of about 3,500 feet. The Setif site was selected after trials had been made at a number of stations in the South of France, including Mont Revard, and North Africa. M. Desloges and his assistants have a splendid record of work on Mars, which they carry on without attempting to draw premature conclusions. These observers are steadily accumulating facts which will in time, it is hoped, provide a solid foundation for a sound theory as to the conditions that exist on our neighbour world.

Apart from these three special stations use will doubtless be made of the great 100-inch reflector on Mount Wilson, California, to photograph Mars, and to endeavour to detect by means of the spectroscope whether appreciable quantities of water vapour and oxygen are present in his atmosphere. Amateur observers all over the world will also make full use of the coming close approach, and it should be stated that the amateur observer—amongst whose ranks Dr. Lowell and M. Jarry-Desloges must of course be mustered—often with very inferior instrumental

means, has done the lion's share of planetary observation for many years. The Mars reports of the British Astronomical Association, in particular, which record the work of British amateurs since 1892, contain a wonderful record of patient and careful work by observers using small instruments.

Unfortunately for observers in the British Isles, Mars is always far south of the celestial equator during favourable oppositions. On this occasion he will be little more than twenty degrees above the horizon in England when at his nearest, but he will be a conspicuous naked-eye object. Even at Setif and Flagstaff the planet will be less than forty degrees above the horizon when on the meridian, though at the altitudes of these stations atmospheric absorption near the horizon is much less troublesome than at sea-level. In order to obtain the most favourable position for an observatory devoted to Mars it is necessary to seek a site in the southern hemisphere where he passes directly overhead during favourable oppositions. Probably one of the best sites that the world can offer would be on the central plateau of Southern Africa, where an elevation of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, combined with maximum altitude of Mars above the horizon, is attainable. Here is an opportunity for a South African millionaire to make a most useful contribution to present facilities for the study of the nature of the only other world known to us where surface conditions which appear to resemble to some extent those of the earth are observable.

Having first stated the limiting conditions of the coming opposition, it is easier to indicate what may be regarded as possible in the way of adding to our knowledge of conditions on Mars during the next few months. First, and most important of all, it is hoped that the great power of the Mount Wilson instruments will enable a definite answer to be given to the question as to whether the air of Mars is sufficiently dense and suitably constituted to support any form of life higher than simple types of vegetation. Discordant results have been obtained from previous investigations, and although visual observation of the planet suggests that it has an atmosphere of less density than the earth but still of quite appreciable volume, spectroscopic confirmation of unchallengeable accuracy

would be regarded by all observers of Mars as a most valuable acquisition.

Secondly, it is hoped that it will be possible to obtain a better series of photographs of the planet than has hitherto been possible. Although photographs cannot be taken on a scale that will show the more delicate markings that are visible with a good telescope under the best observing conditions, they do contain a remarkable amount of detail and are most useful for giving the accurate outlines of the more prominent markings and indicating where changes in shape or tone have occurred. Some of the changes that take place in the appearance of the Martian surface, either between successive oppositions or even in the course of a single season, are quite prominent enough to be seen on the photographs taken with the much smaller instruments used for the purpose in previous years. Consequently, as the largest instrument employed during the last comparable opposition (1909) was the 60-inch Mount Wilson telescope, the 100-inch, in view of its excellent performance in photographing the moon, may be expected to make a real advance provided that atmospheric conditions are favourable.

Then as to the visual observers, professional and amateur. What contributions may we expect from them towards a solution of the problems that Mars presents to us? Their work will mainly consist of watching the shrinking of the south polar cap of Mars—possibly to vanishing point, as in 1894—the delineation of the greenish-grey areas called "seas" on the maps of the planet, but of which the real nature is still uncertain, and the plotting of those streaky markings, first seen by Schiaparelli in 1877, which have become famous as the "canals" of Mars. Never was a more unfortunate mistranslation of a foreign word (*canali*=channels) made the basis of a more wonderful superstructure of sensational theorising. Whatever the "canals" may be, it is at any rate certain that they are in no way what is meant by that word in English. And, geometrically artificial as they appear in many drawings of the planet, it is only necessary to apply the test of scale to the "canals" to indicate the improbability, even the impossibility, of their being artificial features. We are still far from being in a position

to say what they really are and why they appear with very varying distinctness, apart altogether from the quality of the seeing conditions. They are also under grave suspicion of actually changing their location by hundreds of miles. Professor Pickering has put forward the idea that some of the more prominent "canals" represent the tracks of rainstorms made visible by the darkening of the surface when moist, or possibly by the growth of vegetation along belts fertilised by rain-bearing winds carrying moisture towards the equator from the melting polar snow-caps. This suggestion has, however, yet to win general acceptance, and it must be regarded solely as a tentative explanation which is not seriously in conflict with observed facts.

It is perhaps advisable at this point to indicate briefly what are the most generally held views as to the probable nature of the chief features on Mars that the telescope reveals. First, in regard to the polar caps, which attain very large proportions in winter and melt rapidly in spring. These resemble so closely in their appearance and behaviour the polar caps of the earth that the argument from analogy in support of the belief that they are really frozen water seems to be almost convincing. The fact that they are surrounded by a bluish band which follows them as they shrink adds to the strength of the evidence in support of the aqueous character of both white polar caps and their bluish girdles. The suggestion that the white material is really carbon dioxide and not snow or ice breaks down when it is pointed out that at any conceivable temperatures and pressures carbon dioxide passes direct from the solid to the gaseous state. It is almost certain that on Mars there is an intermediate liquid stage in the process of transferring the solid matter of the polar caps, or at any rate a considerable portion of it, into vapour.

There is also reliable evidence of the presence of considerable quantities of cloud in the Martian atmosphere at certain seasons, and temporary obscurations of portions of the surface, which strongly suggest the presence of cloud or mist of varying density and persistence, are not infrequent. Professor Pickering believes that the night skies of Mars are persistently cloudy, while the daylight hemisphere is certainly very much less cloudy than is

the case on the earth. If he is right, his theory would explain why Mars is not a completely frozen world, as physical considerations connected with his distance from the sun and the rarity of his atmosphere suggest he should be. A cloud veil over the night hemisphere would prevent the rapid radiation which would otherwise be inevitable, and prevent such a fall of temperature during the Martian nights as would be fatal to any form of life that we can imagine. In any event, it must be very cold indeed during the night on Mars, and perhaps very hot in the sun during the day. It is certainly warm enough even at the poles to melt the white material almost completely, and sometimes entirely, at midsummer.

We still lack reliable information as to the density of the atmosphere at the surface of Mars. The maximum can hardly be much more than one-quarter the surface density on the earth, that is to say, approximately equal to the pressure at the summit of Mount Everest. But although life is non-existent on earth at altitudes much above 15,000 feet, it must be remembered that these consist almost entirely of rugged and wind-swept mountain slopes, and that conditions on a plateau of continental extent at even greater altitudes might be much less unfavourable. Some estimates of the density of the Martian air place it much lower—one-seventh that of the earth at sea-level, or even less—but the observed presence of cloud of considerable apparent density and the behaviour of the dark markings on the planet seem to imply that the atmosphere cannot be as rarefied as this.

The seasonal changes in the large dark areas afford the chief argument in favour of the existence of some form of vegetation on the planet. These markings are usually pale in the early spring, but darken rapidly as the melting of the polar cap proceeds, strongly suggesting the development of vegetation as the warmth and water do their work. Just such an appearance we might expect to witness over large areas of the temperate zones of the earth during the spring months could we survey our own planet from the surface of the moon. The autumn brings a further fading in the case of many of these markings, as though the fall of the leaf or the turning brown of grass was occurring. This changing appearance seems to deny the marine

character of the large, dark regions formerly believed to be seas, and there are other reasons which appear to indicate that there are no large bodies of water on Mars. It is, however, quite possible that there may be shallow lakes or marshes of considerable extent in the deeper portions of the dark areas, since unless there are some reservoirs of water on the planet it is hard to understand whence the snow that is annually deposited at the poles is replenished. The quantity there in evidence could hardly pass backwards and forwards between the atmosphere and the surface for very long without being entirely absorbed by the thirsty soil unless some permanent bodies of water exist. Their presence is also suggested by the mists that are sometimes seen over and near the more prominent dark regions. Yet it seems certain that there are no seas worthy of the name, and the idea that vegetation is the basis of most of the dark markings has been gradually gaining ground amongst observers of the planet.

There the problem must be left until the slow accumulation of facts enables us, by statistical and other methods, to apply searching tests to the vegetation theory. Brick by brick must the temple of knowledge be built, and though we may hope that the 1924 campaign will carry us several courses higher, only lovers of the sensational will expect it to do more. Whether the mechanical and atmospheric difficulties which at present seem to set a definite limit, apparently almost reached, to any large extension of our instrumental equipment will be overcome in future years is a question that it would be rash to attempt to answer, but a very great advance in this direction would seem to be essential before we should be in a position to detect any certain signs of the existence of a race of intelligent beings on Mars.

The Resourceful Tomcat

By Bassett Digby

Now here is the substance of the story of the Resourceful Tomcat, which was related to me one night by the peasant Mudrin, at whose log hut I had sought hospitality when I was tramping in South-east Siberia. It is not in Mudrin's exact words, for he made use of all sorts of vivid slang words—now forceful, now whimsical—which are not in the dictionary, and other *argot* which sounds quite painfully wooden when done into that stilted stuff that they call folklore English.

One morning Tomcat and Goat and Ram ran away from the home of the man who fed them and deemed himself their master. Tomcat ran away because he had been cuffed and buffeted nearly silly on account of his having upset a bowl of cream by planting his front paws too heavily on the rim. Goat and Ram ran away because they had heard that they were shortly going to have their throats cut and to be carved up for the wedding feast of their master's daughter.

Ram was a kindly fellow and invited Tomcat, who was limping from a strained muscle, to ride on his back.

In a glade of the pine forest through which they journeyed all day, they noticed a wolf's head which must have been hacked off by a hunter.

"We'll have that," said Tomcat. "We shall be hungry presently." He hung it on the ram's curly horn.

On they jogged. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock and the butterflies going to bed, six o'clock and the mist beginning to rise, seven o'clock and the moths coming out and so dark that one could hardly tell an oak trunk from a mammoth's foreleg.

"How about turning in?" suggested Goat. "But it doesn't look at all comfortable in these parts; all boulders and stand-up trees and slantways trees and fallen trees, and wet moss that will give us our death o' colds!" They

cast around for a while, following the rising ground, until they found a slope, where the pine needles lay soft and dry and silky.

"This is fine!" said Goat, planting his feet close together and leaping up and down. "It reminds me of the day when I jumped up on the *babushka's* bunk and danced on that red-striped turf thing that men call mattress. That night I dreamt . . ."

"Oh, blow your dreams!" interrupted Tomcat, yawning. He had scrambled down from Ram's back and was daintily padding his paws on the ground. "It feels damp to me. We had better have a fire." He collected some sticks.

"We've no matches though!" exclaimed Ram.

"What do you want with matches?" rudely remonstrated Tomcat. "What happens when you butt a block of wood?"

"I see sparks!" said Ram.

"And sparks light a fire," said Tomcat. "Go and butt Goat. Goat, butt Ram!" They ran at each other. Ker-thump! And again: Ker-thud! The showers of sparks lit the dry twigs in a moment.

The three animals lay down near the cheery campfire to sleep, but not until Ram had dumped the wolf's head into a clump of bushes about 200 yards away. (He said it was looking at him in a nasty way.)

* * * * * *

Soon after midnight Ram awakened with a start. . . .

His eyes nearly bulged out of his head. He gave Tomcat a great nudge and whispered: "*Wolves!* Tomcat wake up! Look, look over there! *Wolves!* Hundreds of them!"

"Forty-one, to be precise," replied Tomcat languidly, "counting the white one. Why exacerbate the emergency by distorting the data? They are not going to attack immediately. Wake up, Goat, and soothe his nerves while I do a little hard and swift thinking."

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"Now this is the way this contretemps is going to be manipulated, to the end that we see at least one more sun-up," said Tomcat a few seconds later. "Listen to me."

They listened.

* * * * * *

Tomcat put out a stealthy hand, grasped a stick and brought it down with a smack! in the dying embers. Sparks flew. Out leapt little bits of red-hot stick. Up flickered a dozen little flames once more. Then a handful of fuel was tossed on the fire. It flared up, clearly revealing the two score and one wolves who were sitting round in a semi-circle a stone's-throw away.

The three friends got up and stretched themselves.

"*I've* an empty belly!" bleated Goat, who was rather a vulgar fellow and was constantly getting into trouble for using words he found in Holy Writ.

"*I'm* feeling peckish, too!" said Ram, loudly. "What shall we have?"

"*I* feel rather like a wolf's head," said Tomcat. "Goat, go to the larder and pick out a nice tender wolf's head."

Off trotted Goat. Tomcat and Ram attended to the fire.

The wolves looked rather flabbergasted. They were not accustomed to being ignored. Their green eyes were gleaming as balefully as ever and their sharp, white fangs were clearly visible in the silent but menacing snarl that contorted their slavering jaws. But yonder prey simply took no notice of them. This in itself was uncanny, and wolves dread the uncanny. Moreover, *what was this talk about wolf's head for supper?*

Back trotted Goat with the wolf's head.

Tomcat took it from him and examined it critically.

"Oh, *that* one won't do!" he said, raising his voice. "It hasn't hung long enough. Take it back and bring me a better one."

Off trotted Goat. Tomcat and Ram attended to the fire.

The forty-one wolves exchanged uneasy glances. . . .

Back trotted Goat with the wolf's head.

Tomcat took it from him and examined it critically.

"That's better," he said, "but we want a bigger one. I'm *hungry!*"

Off trotted Goat. Tomcat and Ram attended to the fire.

The forty-one wolves again looked uneasily at each other, and there was a slight scuffle and snarled mutterings of: "Call yourself a *man*, do you!" as the she-wolves tried to edge the he-wolves to the front of the pack.

Back trotted Goat with the wolf's head.

Tomcat took it from him and examined it critically.

"That one won't do!" he exclaimed. "That's the fellow I bit the ear off. Six feet long if he was an inch. Of course, it is not bad fun *killing* those big fellows—but there's no real flavour to them. They taste as if they've come out of cold storage. . . . Hang it all, Goat! It is not as if we've only half-a-dozen to choose from. There's the larder simply chockful of wolf! Surely you can find a head worth eating?"

Off trotted Goat. This time, although it took him right out of his way, he passed close by the pack, though without giving them a glance. As he approached their hair stood on end, and again there were subdued scuffles as the she-wolves bit and prodded their menfolk to the flank nearest him.

Back trotted Goat with the wolf's head.

"Ah! That's much better!" said Tomcat. "That one will do. Did you bring along a pot to cook it in?"

"I've lost the key to the pantry," apologised Goat. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Well," said Tomcat, loudly and clearly, "that's a nuisance. We shall have to borrow some stuff. . . . Now, who would be the best person to send to?"

"*If you please*—" called a mysterious voice.

"Hullo!" cried Tomcat, glancing round. "Who was—why, Holy Solovetski! there's a rabbit-faced, lop-eared, bow-legged, furry-tongued, mangy-coated, bony-tailed, naufrageous, astigmatic, can't-run-for-little-apples *wolf* interrupting! Like his abominable cheek! . . . Well, wolf, what do *you* want?"

"If you please," continued the voice, with a quaver, "me and my mate here know where we can get you a very good cook-pot. May we go off and bring it?"

"Scoot along then!" said Tomcat. "I shall probably kill you when you come back, but that is neither here nor there."

Off the pair scooted. And they never stopped running until morning.

There was a pause.

"You'll want water for the pot, won't you?" enquired another wolf. "Me and my two mates here know where we can get you some splendid water."

"Yes," said another wolf, "but it will take quite five of us to lift that heavy iron pail."

"Very well," said Tomcat. "Scoot along then."

Off scooted the five. And they never stopped running until morning.

"I say," said the white wolf, rising. "I know where I can get you gentlemen some very nice salt."

"Do you?" said Tomcat rudely. "What about it? We hate salt. . . ." The white wolf sat down, with his tail between his legs.

"Excuse me," faltered a more humble wolf, "it would be a shame to spoil that fine supper of yours for want of pepper. I know where I can get some delicious pepper—but it is in big sacks. It would take ten of us to drag one here."

"Scoot along then," said Tomcat.

Off scooted the ten. And they never stopped running until morning.

Tomcat fluffed out his fur, stood on his hind legs, and sharpened his claws on the tree-trunk beside him.

"Ram," said Goat, "what horrible claws!"

"Goat," said Ram, "they're nothing to his teeth. Golly!"

* * * * * *

"I say," enquired the white wolf again, "I could find a lady who would be only too pleased to give you a cake, which would do very nicely for dessert."

"What sort of cake, seedy or sultana?" asked Tomcat.

"Seedy," replied the white wolf.

"Hate 'em!" snapped Tomcat. "The pips stick in my teeth."

"Loathsome!" echoed Ram. The white wolf sat down again, his tail even further between his legs.

To the rest of the remaining wolves' suggestions the three friends were more gracious. One by one they were allowed to run off to fetch aniseed, butter, cauliflowers,

dishes, endive, forks, ginger, ham, ices, jam, knives, lamb, mint-sauce, nutmeg, olives, potatoes, quinces, rusks, sardines, tomatoes, unleavened bread, vitamins, walnuts, xambrins, yellowcling peaches, and zebra cutlets.

At last the glade was quite deserted but for the snubbed and shuddering white wolf, who feared that his last hour had come. . . .

"I do wish we had some *grobble*. The dinner will be spoiled without it," said Tomcat to Ram.

The white wolf pricked up his ears. "Grobble!" he exclaimed, with desperate eagerness. "I know a cave where they've got some simply scrumptious grobble. Wonderful stuff. The recipe has been in the family for years. They are famous for it. Everybody——"

"Well, scoot along and get me a bagful," said Tomcat.

Off scooted the white wolf, and *he* didn't stop running until ten past three next afternoon.

"What *is* grobble?" asked Goat.

"Haven't the mistiest idea," replied Tomcat, yawning. "What liars wolves are! . . . But let's turn in."

They turned in.

Tomcat grinned as he noticed Ram. For Ram curled up cuddling the wolf's head.

The Cancer Problem

By Leonard Hill, M.B., F.R.S.

THAT distinguished mathematician and patent lawyer, the late Lord Moulton, had mastered experimental science so far that, by his wise direction, the making of explosives sufficed to win the war. Lord Moulton became first chairman of the Medical Research Council, and was able to appreciate and help to guide medical research. With such an example before us we must receive with attention the effort of Mr. Ellis Barker, who has recently tackled the cancer problem and "tried to make order out of seeming disorder."

While a layman so trained and accomplished as Mr. Barker can easily master the knowledge and theories of the cancer problem current among physicians and surgeons, and taught in text-books, it is very difficult for him to arrive at that far more intimate knowledge of science and acumen of judgment which are required for fruitful analysis of the vast literature, English and foreign, now extant which is concerned with research on cancer.

There is an instinct for separating the grain from the chaff which belongs to the ablest scientific men engaged in research, who throughout the world stand in close inter-relation, and guide one another by an exchange of visits and the spoken as well as the written word. Therefore we find Mr. Barker impatient of laboratory research, and demanding that preventive measures be taken before the cause of cancer is discovered. In his impatience he is wrong and unjust, through a disability to appreciate the great advances in knowledge which have been made. In his demand, on the other hand, for attempts at prevention he is right. Typhoid and typhus fever were suppressed by sanitary reforms before we knew the cause of these diseases; so too with tuberculosis—prevention is brought about by open air, sunlight, good food, exercise and avoidance of over-fatigue, and such measures for securing good health can be, and were, established independently of the knowledge of the tubercular bacillus.

Why not, then, prevent cancer, when for guidance we

have the fact that, while this disease is increasing at alarming rates among the most civilised and prosperous communities, it is rare among such primitive people as the Himalayan tribes? We have obviously departed from the mode of life which has been man's lot throughout some hundreds of thousands of years; let us without delay take warning and return to a more natural method of living, and put our bodies in good order and see what happens. Colonel McCarrison has described the Himalayan tribes as almost free from the diseases which afflict the people of our cities. The shepherds of our hills are no less free, are young in body and mind at 50, and live to a vigorous old age. They live simply, secure a supply of natural foods, take abundant exercise in the sunlight and open air, enjoying an invigorating mountain climate.

Although blessed with an invigorating climate, city people have taken to living very largely on foods which have been devitalised by the processes of the miller and canner and by prolonged cold storage, and adulterated with chemical preservatives.

Accepting the well-known views of Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Mr. Barker ascribes the causation of cancer to chronic constipation and the poisoning arising therefrom, but also lays the blame on the impoverishment of our diet in vitamines. Against this vitamine theory is the fact that all five of the great social classes into which the Registrar-General divides the community show the same cancer mortality rate, so high statistical authority tells me. Moreover the Danes, who eat plenty of dairy produce and foods rich in vitamines, show one of the highest cancer rates. Experimentally, too, vitamines have not been found to influence the growth of cancer in animals, although some attempts are still being made to stop the recurrence of cancer in man by cutting off the supply of the growth vitamin A. Mr. Barker attacks the preservation of food and particularly the addition of chemical preservatives, colouring matters, etc.

The preserving of meat has been common to man for ages, *e.g.*, the half rotten fish or flesh eaten by North Siberian natives and Fuegians, the cold storage meat of Esquimaux, the pemmican of the Pampas Indian, the salted and smoked fish and meat of white men. It is most un-

likely, then, that the eating of preserved fish or meat is a cause of cancer. Fruits, too, have been sun-dried and preserved by generations of men. As to chemicals, workers inhale and swallow them in factories, people take them as purgatives. The association of any particular chemicals, excepting tar, aniline and arsenic, with cancer is unproven.

The regular provision and multiplication of daily meals, and the over-eating indulged in without intermission or fast periods, have arisen concomitant with the prosperity of nations. Over-eating may be, and probably is, worse for health than over indulgence in alcohol. As alcohol has gone out of fashion, over indulgence in sugar, sweets and pastry-eating has come in. In old days people feasted in times of plenty and fasted in times of scarcity; now the alimentary canal is bathed continuously with an excess of food and their decomposition products.

Certain of these materials may have a growth-stimulating effect which may lead to the production of cancer. Here, I think, is an hypothesis more plausible than that of Mr. Barker, but unproven. While we have given up fasting, which, although a religious custom, was probably based on hygienic effect, city life has taken most of us away from active exercise and exposure to the stimulating action of cool air, wind and sun. It has been shown that the ultra-violet rays of the sun acting on the skin have a very great power of putting up the resistance of the body to disease and promoting health. Exposure to cooling air, and particularly the taking of active exercise out of doors, puts up the heat production of the body greatly, and this causes active oxidative processes in the tissues and utilisation of foods, and keeps the bowels clean and healthy. Active exercise, such as walking, with the deep breathing it entails, naturally massages the organs of the belly, and keeps the circulation through these and their movements active. Thus, and by the use of proper food, constipation is naturally prevented. Fresh salads and unpeeled fruits, lightly cooked vegetables, finely ground whole-meal bread, supply not only the right kind of food but the "roughage" necessary to keep the bowels moving.

People have been wrong in trying to promote health by shutting themselves up in warm rooms, fearing all exposure to rain and cold and night air and so neglecting

outdoor exercise, in avoiding the peel, seeds and other "roughage" of natural vegetable foods, in eating too much of separated artificial food products, such as sugar, white flour, nut butter—margarine—and of canned foods, and such as are kept for long periods in cold storage, of foods the subtle *vital* properties of which are diminished or lost by keeping and over cooking.

Mr. Barker performs a very useful function in pointing out the danger of such habits, and the advantage of returning to the general use of more fresh foods, eggs, milk and butter from grass-fed cows, salads and fresh vegetables. A diet consisting of an excess of white bread, sugar, white flour cakes and pastry, with nut fat, margarine, tinned meat and canned fruit and tea is physiologically unbalanced and most defective in vital principles, and yet that is now the chief diet of most citizens.

With this diet has gone an enormous increase in habits of sedentary occupation and amusement taken indoors, the loss of exposure of the skin to sun, almost total in the winter, and immense diminution in the habit of taking active exercise, all of which habits deteriorate health, and may possibly conduce to cancer, just as they surely conduce to nervous instability and unhappiness, to tuberculosis and catarrhal diseases, to decay of teeth and alimentary diseases, to rheumatoid arthritis, neuritis, and such complaints. We know that adequate exposure to sun and air and choice of good food put up our resistance to infection. Let us suppose for the moment that cancer is an infection, and see if we cannot prevent it before the cause is discovered. The frequent occurrence of cancer in house dogs and mice is suggestive of a common domestic cause.

During forty years from 1881 to 1921 the cancer death rate more than doubled while the consumption death rate halved. "The disease is increasing from year to year in practically every State and in practically every community for which the records are available and trustworthy." Deaths from visible cancers of skin, mouth, and breast cannot easily be misjudged, and these have considerably more than doubled between 1900 and 1922. Internal cancers are more frequent than shown by the death rate, because many are not diagnosed. Thus in a series of post-mortems made on people dying over sixty years of

age, three per cent. were found to have undiagnosed cancer.

In America and Japan, no less than in Europe, the cancer death rate advances. Mr. Barker points out that of the people now living in the British Isles, some five millions are doomed to die of cancer, and this number may easily rise to six, seven, or even eight millions. In U.S.A. ten millions are likely to die of cancer, and that number may easily grow to fifteen or twenty millions! Mr. Barker claims that cancer strikes down the well-to-do and the strong rather than the weak and the poor, that it is a prosperity disease, comparatively rare in pauper, lunatic and prison populations, and high in quarters such as Hampstead, Clifton, and Bath, and very rare among primitive tribes. Against the first claim is the fact that the cancer death rate is the same for each of the five great social classes. The apparent high rate among the well-to-do is due to their living longer. As to primitive native races, there is evidence that cases of cancer occur among these, just as cancer occurs among wild animals. Such cases naturally rarely come under observation, for the sick are knocked on the head or creep into the bush to die. Moreover, in the tropics the people die comparatively young and a relatively small proportion reach the cancer age. Thus native women in Borneo are reported to be old and worn out at twenty to twenty-five years of age. The Red Indians in the Reserves are cited as being remarkably free from cancer, but many of these are killed off early by tuberculosis and alcohol. Among the Esquimaux cited by Mr. Barker as an example of a primitive race living mostly on flesh, and yet free from cancer, recent scientific enquiry has shown a prevalence of this disease. Among the meat-eating and non-meat-eating races of India cases of cancer such as come under observation in the hospitals are equal in numbers. The Himalayan tribes reported on by McCarrison are the best example of a primitive people, remarkably free from cancer and other chronic diseases common in cities.

By reforming our habits of life we shall prevent many other ills which afflict us, and among these chronic constipation, which may contribute to the causation of cancer of the large bowel. We have, however, no evidence that

it causes cancer elsewhere by setting up a toxæmia. Constipation has afflicted man throughout the ages, and while prevalent now, there are available means of relief unknown to primitive people. The medical officer of an expedition related the horrible extent to which constipation tortured Amazon natives—natives such as Mr. Barker maintains to be almost free from cancer.

It is noteworthy that more than sixty per cent. of men dying in the British Isles from cancer have that disease in or about the alimentary canal, particularly in the mouth, gullet, stomach, and rectum. Of women who die from cancer forty-five per cent. have it in the same sites, while about forty per cent. have it in the breast, womb or thereabouts. There is some evidence that the selective sites of cancer vary in different localities, *e.g.*, that breast cancer is more frequent in one county than in another. We know that prolonged irritation over many years of the same part tends to produce cancer. Thus chronic ulcers of the stomach frequently develop into cancer, but it is noteworthy those of the duodenum very rarely do so. Cancer of the womb is far more common in those who have borne children than in spinsters; the opposite is the case in cancer of the breast. Injuries received through parturition may contribute to cancer of the womb. Long repeated irritation by soot, tar, X-rays, burning of the skin through the carrying of a charcoal stove, burning of the stomach through swallowing hot rice, may in some cases end in the production of cancer. Repeated exposure to X-rays is most dangerous. Many cancers have been produced as the after result of prolonged X-ray treatment of lupus. Cancer can be experimentally produced by the repeated application of tar to the skin. No one has yet succeeded after extended research in isolating out of the immensely complex liquid tar the cancer-producing ingredient. On the other hand, hundreds of thousands of workers who handle tar, soot, receive burns, or repeated injuries, drink hot liquids, escape cancer. The irritation, long continued, from clothes, boots, shaving, from the use of tools, from wearing of pessaries and false teeth, etc., does not produce cancer. We know that a few workers, through the irritation of aniline and arsenic, have got cancer, but we have no evidence that the use of aniline

dyes in clothes, jams, sweets, etc., produces cancer, and thousands of people have taken small doses of arsenic as a medicine for long periods and have escaped cancer. We know that irritation set up by a particular kind of parasitic nematode worm in the stomach of rats, introduced by the eating of a particular kind of cockroach, sets up cancer of the stomach. There is no doubt, also, that cancer of the liver may be set up by similar parasites lodged in that organ. It has been suggested that cancer in man is set up by the irritation of such minute parasites taken in with food contaminated by cockroaches, meal bugs, the droppings of mice, rats, etc. Such vermin and their contamination of food have become generalised, and a plausible hypothesis may be set up. It is easy to put up half a dozen plausible hypotheses.

We know that a cancer can be grafted from mouse to mouse, or rat to rat, but not from one animal to another of widely different species, because cancer cells from one species cannot survive in the body fluids of an animal of a different species. There is, however, no evidence that cancer can be spread from patient to surgeon or nurse by mere handling and contamination of the broken skin or by inhalation. In this respect cancer differs from most microbic infections. Even supposing such an infection lay latent for many years, as in the case of leprosy, it would certainly show itself in the mortality rate of surgeons. There is a certain immunity set up by a cancer, for when one tumour has been successfully grafted another cannot be, but no immunising serum can be derived from the blood of a cancerous animal. In this respect cancer differs from such a microbic disease as diphtheria. Cancers occasionally, but very rarely, spontaneously disappear, a natural immunity being established. Rodent ulcers can be cured by radium or X-ray treatment, and other cancers which are accessible and do not show great malignancy, *e.g.*, of the womb, in some cases have been cured by the same treatment, but in the case of most cancers removal by the knife at the earliest possible moment of diagnosis is the one method of relief.

Some have conceived that there is a common cause of all cancers, viz., an infecting filter-passing microbe, which becomes trained to live symbiotically in one or other

kind of tissue cells, in one or other kind of animal, and exerts on these an impulsion to grow. The training of the cells to house the microbe may be brought about by some chronic irritation or poisoning. Others think that certain cells of the body may inherit, or be tutored by chronic irritation into a malignant power of growth. In a malignant cancer the cells are not circumscribed by connective tissue and encapsulated as in a benign tumour, but invade surrounding tissues, and, entering blood vessels and lymphatics, are carried away on the stream to other parts and there start secondary growths. From a rapidly growing and malignant form of sarcoma which can be transmitted in chickens, cultures have been made of a filter-passing and ultra-microscopical microbe and the disease thereby inoculated. While a microbe stimulates tissue cells to cancer formation in this case, the irritation produced by certain parasitic worms can no less certainly produce cancer, *e.g.*, of the stomach and liver. Galls in plants are tumour-like formations, and these are caused by irritation of parasites. A particular species of parasite produces a definite kind of gall in a particular species of plant.

In considering the cause of cancer the inherent power of embryonic cells to grow must be borne in mind, also the power of adult cells to grow and repair loss. We know that the lower organisms may be produced by budding and asexual generation. The lower animals, such as worms, may, when divided into pieces, grow head or tail ends, or both. A broken bone is at first repaired by an overgrowth of tissue or callus. A rickety bone overgrows at the seat of ossification owing to deficiency of diet and sunlight. Potatoes and other vegetable tubers offer natural examples of tumour-like growths. The skin and fleshy part of an apple, weighing a pound or more, are formed from the basal part of the small apple blossom enormously expanded by cell division and cell growth.

The root nodules of leguminosæ are produced by the symbiotic life of microbes which enrich the host with nitrogenous food. How far such symbiosis of microbes extends we do not know. The study is only beginning of those which are filter-passers and ultra-microscopical in size. Comparing the processes of growth both in plants

and animals, we find that the cells in the growing parts are embryonic and undifferentiated in type; so, too, with the malignant cancers. Certain tumours are undoubtedly produced through errors in development. Embryonic tissue—a fragment, so to speak, of an undeveloped twin—becomes enclosed in the body, waits its time, and develops at some later period when the cells of its host have lost their restraining power. A fertilised frog's ovum may grow when planted inside the body cavity of a frog, and either form a very imperfect embryo or separate into groups of undifferentiated cells which invade the tissues of the host as a malignant tumour does. A placenta which does not stop growing at the birth of an embryo may give rise to a tumour, the normal restraining influence in this case being absent.

We know that we can cultivate *in vitro* living cells taken from the body, using blood plasma as a medium and suitable conditions of warmth, etc., and making frequent sub-cultures. For a dozen years or more one strain of connective cells originally taken from the chicken's heart has been cultivated. Such cells, given a daily sub-culture in a suitable medium, seem immortal; they would by now have grown to a mass beyond the size of the sun if the suitable growth medium could have been supplied without limit! A strain of cells, *e.g.*, of a secreting gland, grown *in vitro* by themselves appear embryonic in type, undifferentiated. Grown with connective tissue cells a restraining influence becomes manifest, and the gland cells form themselves into the shape of secreting tubules. In the body there is restraint among the myriads of cells of which it is composed, just as in the body politic men are mutually restrained and kept to their spheres of work and habitation.

While extracts of embryonic tissue or of a malignant cancer exalt the growth of cells *in vitro*, extracts of adult tissue have no such effect. Extract of autolysed adult tissue—that is, tissue partly decomposed by keeping in a warm chamber—have, however, a growth-augmenting effect. Such growth-augmenting substances may be induced in cells by the chronic irritation of parasites, by tar, X-rays, etc., until the cells, dividing over and over again in the process of repair, finally become endowed with

a malignant power of embryonic growth. It might then be argued with some plausibility that the cooking, keeping, and preserving of natural foods lead to an autolysis and setting free of growth-augmenting substances, and that the over-eating of such foods is a cause of increase of cancer of the stomach! But we have no proof of any such thing happening. Miss Maud Sly has bred in a Chicago institute 40,000 mice in some fifteen generations, and observed some 5,000 cases of cancer. She claims to have bred out a dominant race which is immune to cancer and a recessive race, all of which, if they live long enough, have cancer; she says cancer of particular organs can be made common by selective breeding, and that cancer is to be prevented by breeding an immune stock. Taking into account the mating instinct of youth and the occurrence of cancer with age, such a selective breeding seems impossible. The scientific world awaits the full publication of Miss Sly's statistics before accepting her pessimistic conclusions. The few selected family trees which she has published do not satisfy the statistician. Her success in producing liver cancer might be due to infection with some parasite. Repetition and confirmation of her experiments are required. We cannot, with Mr. Barker, dismiss these observations on inheritance with the remark that what applies to mice does not apply to man, for broad biological laws generally apply to all classes of animals. If cancer were due to sports in development, and these are being inherited by interbreeding, the outlook would be indeed gloomy. A more hopeful hypothesis is suggested by Mr. De Beer in an interesting book on Growth (Arnold), viz., that the mutual restraining influence of healthy tissues is weakened by bad conditions of environment, and thereby certain groups of cells may come to assume the embryonic power of growth and produce a cancer. These bad conditions we can try to put right, as Mr. Barker suggests, by a general discipline in healthy habits of life.

The Irish Boundary and the Judicial Committee

By E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D.

THE Irish boundary question is rapidly approaching an acute stage. The present Government must be alive to the danger of allowing the matter to be reopened, but, being unwilling to break with their Sinn Fein supporters in this country and in Scotland, they deliberately adopt a policy likely to lead in the near future to a demand that Ulster be coerced.

Sir James Craig, on behalf of the Ulster Government, has prudently refused to appoint a representative on the proposed Boundary Commission, and contends that in the absence of such appointment the Commission contemplated by Clause 12 of the Agreement (or "Treaty") cannot be set up. With a view to getting over this difficulty, and to avoiding—or postponing—responsibility, the Government has decided to refer certain questions to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, under the Judicial Committee Act, 1833. Upon such a reference the decision of the Judicial Committee would operate as advice to the Crown, by which, no doubt, the policy of the Executive would be guided. Four questions have been specified by the Government for submission to the Committee, the first three of which ask (in substance) whether the Commission, under Clause 12 of the Agreement, can act, in spite of the refusal of the Government of Northern Ireland to appoint a representative. The fourth question is expressed in very general terms as follows :—

> (4) If the answer to all the preceding questions is in the negative, whether there is any Constitutional method of bringing the Commission into existence so long as the Ministers of Northern Ireland maintain their refusal?

It is not proposed here to argue these questions of construction, but it will be observed that by Clause 12 of

the Agreement the power of determining the boundaries is given to a Commission constituted in a particular manner —namely, a Commission "consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one, who shall be chairman, to be appointed by the British Government." If the British Government and the Irish Free State each appoints a representative, but no such appointment is made by the Government of Northern Ireland, it is difficult to see how the Commission contemplated by the Agreement—upon which alone the power of determining boundaries is conferred—can be deemed to have any existence.

It should be observed, however, that the specific points upon which the Government has decided to ask the Judicial Committee's opinion do not cover the whole ground. The question still remains, what is the extent of the powers of the Commission, if constituted—in other words, what is the meaning of the words "shall determine the boundaries" as used in Clause 12 of the Agreement? The Irish Free State has made it perfectly plain that, through the instrumentality of the Commission, they hope to acquire two whole counties now forming part of Northern Ireland, a large part of two other counties, and also the Parliamentary borough of Londonderry. The Government of Northern Ireland, on the other hand, denies that the Commission, if appointed, would have any power to make transfers of large slices of territory. Until this question is determined the Judicial Committee can effect nothing which would be accepted as binding. If the Committee should decide that the Commission contemplated by Clause 12 of the Agreement can be constituted without the concurrence of Ulster, and the Commission purported to award to Southern Ireland a considerable portion of what at present forms part of Northern Ireland, the question would at once arise whether such a decision was *ultra vires*. Moreover, if it were decided, in the first instance, that the Commission would have no power, in determining boundaries, to make any considerable transfers of territory, the particular questions which the Government propose to refer to the Judicial Committee would not, for practical purposes, arise; for, in such case,

the Commission would no longer be a subject of interest to the Irish Free State.

As to the question of construction, upon which the extent of the powers of the Commission, if appointed, depends, it may be pointed out that in the Agreement, or "Treaty," the expressions "Northern Ireland" and "Southern Ireland" are frequently employed, and the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, is also referred to. It is plain, therefore, that these expressions have the same meaning in the Agreement as they bear in the Act of 1920. By Section I of that Act it is declared that, for the purposes of the Act, "Northern Ireland shall consist of the Parliamentary counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, and the Parliamentary boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry, and Southern Ireland shall consist of so much of Ireland as is not comprised within the said Parliamentary counties and boroughs."

By Clause 12 of the Agreement, therefore, which provides that the proposed Commission is to "determine the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission"—it must have been intended that the sole function of the Commission would be to determine "the boundaries" (in the ordinary sense of those words) between Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland as respectively defined by the Act of 1920. It is contemplated by the Agreement that, after the Commission has done its work, Northern Ireland will still be left as Northern Ireland—with its six counties and two Parliamentary boroughs. If any one of such counties, or even a substantial part of any county, were taken away from Northern Ireland, it would not be a case of settling boundaries, but of entirely altering the country of which the boundary is to be defined. As regards the Parliamentary borough of Londonderry, this is expressly included within the definition of "Northern Ireland"; it is difficult to see how a Commission entrusted with the duty of determining boundaries could take away from Northern Ireland a city which the very definition clause shows that it is to comprise. The

construction put forward by the Free State Government would require the Agreement to be read as containing words which are not there. Instead of "shall determine the boundaries," the clause would have to be read as if it contained some such words as "the Commission shall decide what portion of Northern Ireland shall continue to form part of Northern Ireland and what portion (if any) shall be transferred to and become part of Southern Ireland, and shall determine, in accordance with such decision, the boundaries between Northern Ireland as thus fixed and the rest of Ireland." There is no ground for doing such violence to the actual words used; and the result is, therefore, that, even assuming that any Boundary Commission should be legally constituted, it would be beyond its powers to make the new partitions of territory which the Irish Free State is expecting the Commission—in the purported exercise of the right of determining boundaries—to effect.

"Impressions of Soviet Russia"

In his book, *Impressions of Soviet Russia* (Eveleigh Nash and Grayson, Ltd., 10s. 6d.), Professor Charles Sarolea lays before us dispassionately, without bias or prejudice, and generally with an accuracy hitherto painfully lacking in works of a similar character, the whole course of events which led up to the Original Russian Revolution of 1917, eventually tracing the development of that Revolution up to the indescribable chaos, confusion and hopeless devastation prevailing to-day under the Bolshevist dictators.

From these "Impressions" we learn that the Bolsheviks discovered early in their career that in selecting Russia as their experimental laboratory they had been false to their prophet, Karl Marx, whose works may be regarded as the Bible of Bolshevism, and who fully realised that "*The World Revolution cannot be won until it is won in England.*" Hence it is that these fanatical believers in Karl Marx, while sparing neither pains nor money to convert the whole world to their hideous doctrine of Death and Destruction, are particularly concentrating their unwelcome subversive efforts upon the disintegration and overthrow of our British Empire. While our Governments dally with their representatives in London, talking vaguely of loans, concessions, reparations, neighbourly intercourse, and *noblesse oblige*, the Bolsheviks openly and in direct and insolent contravention of all the undertakings given to a Conservative Foreign Secretary, are hourly using every art and device of their highly efficient Agitation and Propaganda Department to stir up a Holy War against Britain in the East. This is Professor Sarolea's message that should go straight to the heart of every true son of the Empire. To bring about the World Revolution these ruffians are deliberately stirring up the religious fanaticism of every Mahommedan people against Great Britain, whom they represent as the common enemy and oppressor of Islam. Zinovieff and his minions have not only roused against us the Nationalist feeling in Egypt and Syria, in Persia and Afghanistan, in India and (we believe) South Africa; they are directly responsible for China's intensified anti-European policy, for the revival of Turkish power, for the crushing of Greece, the sup-

pression of Armenia, and—here at home—for the formidable Scottish Labour representation in the House of Commons. The manifesto against Great Britain, passed at the Pan-Asiatic Congress held at Baku in the summer of 1920 under the auspices of the Bolshevist dictators, at which more than eighteen hundred self-appointed delegates from the Oriental world were present to vow eternal hatred and declare with drawn swords an implacable war against the English oppressors, is, in its insolent violence and diabolical cleverness, more than sufficient ground for immediately breaking off all relations with the Soviet Government and expelling every member of the various Soviet delegations from this country.

Chapter XIII., "Russian Bolshevism and the British Labour Party," constitutes a solemn warning to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the more noisy and more extreme section of his party as to the risks to which our Empire is exposed by indecisive dalliance and the sympathetic attitude of our Government with the Bolshevist dictators —risks, moreover, which are not even warranted by the likelihood of any potential advantages accruing from the possible resumption of trade, since, in the words of the author, "for a long time to come I am afraid that the only Russian export of any importance will be revolutionary propaganda." Here Professor Sarolea misses the opportunity of pressing home the additional point, that, even in pre-war days, our normal export trade with Russia was less than 3 per cent. of our total exports to our own Colonies, and hence the argument of resumption of trade with Russia as a cure for our unemployment is only another political red herring.

The author frankly admits the predominating *rôle* played by Jews in the Bolshevist Revolution and in the worst terrors and brutalities of the dictatorship. Arguing that they are Bolsheviks first and Jews afterwards, Professor Sarolea tells us that it is as Bolsheviks that they seek to destroy Christianity and have destroyed Russia—without apparently remarking how infinitely more easily and logically the contrary may be argued on the basis of the very evidence which he produces.

Whether or not we accept his explanation that Jewish predominance in the Russian Revolution is an historical accident and a tragedy which will ultimately lead to over-

whelming catastrophe, not only for the Jews in Russia but also perhaps for the whole of Near Eastern Jewry, it is impossible not to sympathise with the anti-Semitic attitude of the Russian people to-day. Dealing with the Jews in Eastern Europe and the crisis of Eastern Jewry, Professor Sarolea writes either with extreme naïveté or with his tongue in his cheek; we cannot determine which. Certain it is that these chapters are as damning to Near Eastern Jewry and all its ways as the most bitterly anti-Semitic fulminations could ever be, while the proposal to save Eastern Jewry from the impending cataclysm by prompt international intervention and their forcible settlement in Southern Siberia is fantastic, impracticable, and distinctly unfair to the prolific Russian nation, for whose teeming millions Siberia will subsequently be the only outlet. It was indeed already beginning to serve as such under a very efficient Government colonisation scheme, which was in full swing when war broke out. The author seems to display a somewhat similar lack of sense of proportion in the amount of space he devotes to describing the plight of Near Eastern Jewry and to forebodings and warnings of their impending doom, while dismissing in a few words the matter of the *twenty millions* of Russian victims of the Revolution and Dictatorship of the International Communist Jews. From an historical point of view, Professor Sarolea subjects the Romanoff dynasty to a brilliant though pitiless dissection and analysis, from which Russia's rulers for the last 300 years emerge with very little to their credit. Nor do we imagine that any other ruling house, past or present, would stand much chance if dealt with in the same strain. In general, the Professor has very little good to say of pre-war Russia, and lays special stress upon the corruption prevalent under the Tsarist *régime*. Yet have we not had our Marconi and sales of honours scandals, the French their Indemnity for Devastated Areas Scandal, and America her Naval Oil Scandals? Corruption in public life would not seem to be a prerogative of autocracy, even assuming, with the author, that the Government of Tsar Nicholas II. was autocratic, which, in the true sense of the word, it was not.

Finding no good in any of the Tsars, Professor Sarolea does not do Nicholas II. the barest justice as a ruler or as a staunch ally of the Entente. He repeats the accusa-

tion already abundantly and indubitably disproved, of a Russian Court camarilla leading pro-German intrigue during the Great War, but he does not mention the fact that the Tsar lost his throne and his life because he refused to accept them from the Germans after his abdication, in return for the signature of a separate peace.

Professor Sarolea appears completely ignorant of the immense, nay, gigantic progress which was being made throughout the whole of Russia during the last nine or ten years before the war, and which was becoming daily more evident in every direction. Government and social reforms; vastly improved railway passenger and goods traffic; ever-increasing excellent State education; improved conditions of labour; extensive railway construction programmes; prosperous peasant co-operative movements all over the country; tremendous commercial, industrial and economic progress, and the most satisfactory State Budget in the world.

The author repeatedly denies the existence of a middle class in Russia at any period previous to the Revolution, when, as a matter of fact, before the war Russia possessed a very large, well-educated and widely distributed middle class, composed in the main of pedagogues, doctors, lawyers, engineers, business men, small landowners not of the nobility, and various *petits rentiers*.

But these blemishes are completely forgotten in the light of the sheer genius for things Russian displayed by the author in the second half of the book. Twenty-five years of study of the Russian language, literature, history, and politics, rounded off by his recent visit as a guest of the Soviet Dictators, have enabled Professor Sarolea to present the English reading public with a brilliant academical treatise upon the outstanding factors and conditions of Russian life to-day and in the immediate future. Amongst such a mass of good stuff selection is difficult, but we were particularly attracted by his severely critical yet pitilessly logical explanation of the psychology of the Bolshevist leaders, while nothing has been written on Russia since the Revolution with so sure a touch, such sympathetic understanding, and so much absolute self-evident knowledge of the whole situation as the last two chapters, "How Long?" and "The Future of Russia."

Tunbridge Wells

By the Hon. Mrs. Strachey

A SMALL guide book written in 1821, to form, as it says, "an interesting pocket companion in perambulating the country," gives us some interesting details about Tunbridge Wells before the town was built. We find in this little guide a mellow line engraving, showing us a wooded country varied by open forest-land, lying below a sweeping hillside, which no doubt, in those days, was covered with glowing fields of corn. A few houses, built apparently mostly of wood, with very pointed roofs and tiny windows, stand separately amongst the trees; also the tower of a small chapel; and in the foreground two elegant females, with long, limp dresses and tiny bodices, are "airing-out," with arms sentimentally entwined.

The little book tells us that Tunbridge Wells was a large and populous hamlet, "lying in the several parishes of Tunbridge, Spalding, and Frant." It was divided into four districts, and, like Rome, was situated on several hills —Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Mount Sion, and the Wells. Through the village flowed the small stream which separates the counties of Kent and Sussex.

The easy distance from London gave it a decided advantage over any other watering-place, of which it is the most ancient in the kingdom excepting Bath. In the far distance of time the chalybeate water was known, but it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that its medicinal properties were revealed by an accident.

"Dudley, Lord North, a young nobleman of lively parts but dissolute manners, belonging to the court of James I, having in early life much injured his constitution, had retired, for the benefit of a pure air, and the accessory advantages of a retreat from his usual habits of dissipation, to Eridge House, the occasional residence of the Barons of Bergavenny." During his wanderings in the neighbourhood he had often noticed the ochreous aspect

of the water. "Intent on the amendment of his constitution, he seems to have been struck with the singularity, and speedily cherished the hope that it might prove medicinal and applicable to his own particular case. In this way the unknown treasure that the earth contained was revealed to man. The invalid returned the ensuing summer and, by the doctor's advice, drank perseveringly of the newly-discovered medicine." After a long and patient trial of the treatment, he became completely reinstated in health, and survived to the advanced age of eighty-five.

His name, and the interest taken in his welfare, rendered the case of extensive notoriety. Yet it was many years before Tunbridge Wells became known to the general public. It was occasionally visited by an invalid in pursuit of health, at which times the only accommodation to be found was in the adjacent villages and hamlets. People of taste and refinement mostly stayed at Tonbridge, six miles off, "a neat, small town situated on the Medway."

The guide tells us that "the immediate vicinity of the spring retained its forest and its dreary aspect; and, for a considerable time, the accommodation for visitants on the spot was limited to two very humble cottages, one, very near the spring, being a coffee-house for the ladies; whilst the other, near the spot now occupied by the 'Sussex Tavern,' was characteristically denominated the Gentleman's Pipe-house."

In this almost unknown, bucolic condition Tunbridge Wells remained during the unquiet reign of Charles I. We read that the spirit of party ran so high that even in that remote spot the two parties rarely met or spoke to each other: "the republicans holding their assemblies at Rust Hall, whilst the partisans of the Court took up their residence in the opposite hamlet of Southborough."

By the end of the reign of Charles II houses had begun to arise, and by the names given to the various districts can we trace the promoters of these improvements. "Mount Sion was the spot favoured by the Presbyterians and Independents, on which hill they had their separate conventicles, while Mount Ephraim was distinguished as the field of speculation with the Baptists." The fact that

these places of worship were anterior to a church of the established faith demonstrates the political and religious principles that prevailed at that time. It was not until the year 1688 that a sufficient congregation was forthcoming for a church to be needed.

Soon after this period the walks and Assembly Rooms were started. After a visit from Queen Anne, who introduced the fashion of frequenting watering-places, in the vain hope of securing the restored health that she never captured, Tunbridge Wells gradually attracted a considerable number of visitors.

Queen Anne gave a hundred pounds towards the improvement of the walks which, "in consequence of being paved with tiles, were thenceforth called the Pantiles." Up to this time there had only been muddy paths and lanes through the rough forest-land that surrounded the spring. By degrees this state of things was improved. The forest was cleared, a turf terrace built, which was soon to be superseded by the existing parade. Trees were then planted and a row of "mean temporary buildings erected for the accommodation of tradesmen."

From a visitor, who visited the town in 1821, we learn that "persons of high rank did not cease to frequent it: and at that time it retained almost exclusively its character for good and select company, whilst the suspicious, degraded, and abandoned have little opportunity of gaining an introduction. Moreover, as the more dissipated habits of the Metropolis have increased, the fashionable part of the company, who frequent the Wells, seek rather the pleasures of retirement and the comforts of moderate society than dissipation."

It gives an idea of the modest size of Tunbridge Wells in the year 1770 when we hear that the season was limited to the short period between Midsummer and Michaelmas. "After that time the tradespeople themselves migrated, the taverns were closed, the chapel service was discontinued; and the place remained a desert until the following spring." However, we learn that in 1821 the case was very different; "from being a migrating colony, Tunbridge Wells had become a place of considerable wealth, consequence, and respectability. A daily post was established to and from London; newspapers were also brought; stage

coaches passed and re-passed to the Metropolis every day; and, in addition to these extrinsic advantages, the resident inhabitants are reckoned civil and obliging, and not particularly addicted to exaction—a rare quality at an established watering-place."

Amusements were not neglected—balls, bands of music, concerts, dinners, tea drinking, and card assemblies, were enjoyed by the visitors in the libraries, the coffee-house, assembly rooms, and theatres. Another popular species of amusement consisted in parties to the High Rocks and other romantic scenes that abound in the neighbourhood; excursions to the noblemen's and gentlemen's seats; and visits to "mouldering abbeys" and other objects of curiosity furnished much pleasurable employment. "There are several capital houses in the vicinity which, through the polite hospitality of the worthy proprietors, are always open to the inspection of the curious."

We hear, too, of tea gardens, to which visitors could ride on horseback or drive in their chaises to enjoy on warm summer evenings at sunset the "picturesque views over the county of Sussex"; and in these rural surroundings the ladies of fashion could throw off the restraint of town and, inviting a few favoured acquaintances to join them, could play at country life, while they enjoyed the tea and home-made bread, the butter, cream and new milk from the cow; and here, too, we read "that those who are fond of fruit can purchase it fresh on the spot." Neither are the studious forgotten, for we are told that "the more serious and reflecting part of the company will find the circulating libraries and the coffee-house replete with the most rational amusement. The easy freedom and cheerful gaiety, arising from the nature of a public place, extends its influence over them," and (we are glad to learn that the political hatred of a former generation is so completely foregone) "every species of party spirit is hushed into peace. Here divines and philosophers, whigs and tories debate without anger, dispute with politeness, and judge with candour. The bookseller's shop has, indeed, one advantage over the coffee-house, because there the ladies are admitted to enhance the charms of society and to diffuse a softer polish over the manners of the company."

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Though ways have changed, and smarter watering-places have stolen her visitors away from the springs, yet has Tunbridge Wells ever held a place of her own.

Fashions change; stage coaches have been superseded; already the holiday char-a-banc has been replaced by motor traffic; nor need we doubt that the joy-rides of to-day give more pleasure to the visitors, and enable them to go farther and see more of that interesting and romantic country than was possible formerly.

The town is now immense, and the variety of amusements endless.

Shall we call it a lesser Brighton? A Vauxhall for the multitude, or an up-to-date Cremorne? Anyhow it is the paradise of the holiday-maker.

Scarcely a watering-place any longer, but a health resort for those who find recreation and rest from toil in the company of their fellow-creatures, and who are in pursuit of beautiful scenery, pure salubrious air, and cheap amusements.

Clever Mr. Delavel

By Ethel Ashton Edwards

Mr. Delavel liked to be well known. He liked to hear people say, as they met him in the street, "There goes Mr. Delavel. Oh! I knew him at once!" There was something satisfactory about it. It made him feel solid and prosperous; sure of himself and of the quick common sense of the British public. When he first became a Minister of the Crown, more years ago than he cared to remember, Mr. Delavel had been considered something of an adventurer. "These brilliant men" . . . "unreliable" . . . "nobody knew" . . . people said. But by the time he had settled things in Turkey (from which you will gather that Mr. Delavel, among other official capacities, numbered that of Minister for Foreign Affairs) public opinion began to sway towards him. He was evidently a man of imagination; he had grasp. Later he did several wonderful things in the Navy. This was when he was First Lord, of course. And for four years as Minister of Labour he had kept the country free from strikes. Now he had only to cross a street for people to turn round and say to each other, "Did you see him? There goes Mr. Delavel. Oh! I knew him at once." And the knowledge of this recognition was as balm to his soul.

That was the man's little foible; the offset of his greatness. For the rest, Mr. Delavel was a very lonely man. He had a beautiful house in Queen Anne's Gate, and a beautiful sister, who came up from Lincolnshire and played hostess for him from time to time. But Mr. Delavel was, in his heart, acutely conscious that it really mattered very little to anyone in the world whether he lived or died. Perhaps it was this very loneliness that so welcomed any sort of recognition. He knew half London; all London knew him. But he was nobody's care. The beautiful sister in Lincolnshire had her hunting squire of a husband, and

her three handsome children. Mr. Delavel lived alone. It was an astonishing thing to many people that he had never married. It sometimes astonished himself. Especially when he remembered what narrow escapes he had had. There was that girl at Holme Lacy—he smiled. Mr. Delavel, in his afternoon walk, had crossed from Hyde Park Corner, and, walking up past the Achilles statue, had sat down on a green chair to watch and to be watched. It was a beautiful June evening. He felt happy and at peace with all the world. And he was very well dressed.

Ursula Martyn, coming home after a long day in her studio, sat down also to watch. She came to the conclusion that the Hyde Park crowd in the season wasn't what it used to be, and that motors were nothing like so picturesque as the horse carriages of twenty years ago. She did not look at Mr. Delavel at all, though his chair was quite near hers. But he looked at her.

Ursula Martyn was not in her first youth. You will have gathered that from her reference to the seasons of twenty years ago. She had a handsome, well-shaped face, grey eyes and grey hair. Yes, grey hair. She was dressed entirely in grey, and she carried herself with an air. Mr. Delavel decided that she must be an Ambassador's wife, or, if she wasn't, she ought to be. The sun grew hotter, and Ursula Martyn put up a grey sunshade, which hid her face. I suppose nothing more would have happened if a gust of wind had not carried Mr. Delavel's monocle at the end of its watered silk cord straight into Ursula's parasol, when the cord wound itself up in one of the spokes and remained like a fishing line, with the monocle as a bait. Ursula promptly undid the cord and handed the monocle back to Mr. Delavel. And again he noticed how handsome she was, and again he told himself that she was an Ambassador's wife, or, if she wasn't, she ought to be.

He did not see her again for six weeks. This time he was on the Terrace of the House of Commons and he saw her walking with the member for East Loamshire. "Politician's wife," he said to himself; "well, I was not far out." He knew the member for East Loamshire a little, so he strolled up and spoke to him. Ursula Martyn remembered Mr. Delavel. Ah! now she knew who it was she had sat next to in the park; of course, it was Mr.

Delavel! She had wondered at the time. . . . "Mr. Delavel, my sister, Miss Ursula Martyn," said the member for East Loamshire. And, to his utter surprise, Mr. Delavel felt a sudden sense of relief. "My sister!" . . . His quick mind flew on ahead, and he saw himself with this very dignified and beautiful creature . . . ascending heights of achievement that even he would never reach alone. "What a help-mate!" he said in his heart. "A woman to be proud of. And so well dressed, so absolutely well turned out. Must be wealthy."

Ursula Martyn met his glance with a ready scrutiny. She saw in Mr. Delavel a man well assured of himself and of what he meant to the world in which he lived. She knew him, of course, by name, and reputation, and he knew nothing of her. Mr. Delavel begged them to join him at tea.

"Are you in London for long?" he asked.

"I live in London," she said. He wondered where. But she spared him further speculation by remarking:

"I live in London because my work is here. I have a little flat in King's Road, Chelsea. It's rather far out, but it's cheap. I paint the most beautiful pictures, but they don't sell as they ought." And she laughed—a delightful laugh.

Mr. Delavel laughed, too. But, to be quite candid, her revelation was rather a shock to him. He disapproved of women who did things; more emphatically he disapproved of women who did things for money. His interest waned a little. And yet he found himself saying, "I should like to see your pictures."

"That's easily managed," said Ursula lightly. "I have a little show next week, and I should be very glad if you would come." She took an invitation card out of her bag and gave it him.

And next Tuesday Mr. Delavel went his way to Chelsea. From that day he was a lost man.

It was the peculiar charm of Ursula Martyn that when she talked to you she looked and spoke as if she cared for no one else. And her studio was so delightful; pale, restful grey everywhere, with masses of pink and cream roses. Those roses must have cost a good deal . . . and she said she was poor. At least, she would not be earning

money if she had enough to live on without it, he supposed. He had always known that artists were extravagant. The next moment he was asking her to paint his portrait! Mr. Delavel had a fine, alert, clean-shaven face, with interesting hair that waved a little, turning grey over the temples. He thought to himself that she ought to make quite a nice picture of him. Then, catching sight of them both in a mirror as she stood by his side, he told himself what a distinguished couple they were, and how strange it was they should neither of them have married before. They must have been waiting for each other.

Before he left the studio—and the quite smart crowd which had collected there—she made a businesslike appointment with him for his first sitting, noting it down in a little blue crushed morocco book, with a gold pencil. And so he came again and again to the studio. To be quite precise, he came twelve times, and then he asked her to marry him.

"Dear Mr. Delavel," she said sweetly. "How good of you! But you haven't seen *The Times* this morning, have you? I am going to marry our Ambassador in Rome on the Monday after next."

And Mr. Delavel, no whit discomfited, answered, with a perfectly good grace: "I said when I saw you first 'That woman is an Ambassador's wife, or, if she isn't, she ought to be.'"

And Ursula smiled her charming smile, and held out her hand to him. "How astonishingly clever of you, Mr. Delavel."

The Metamorphosis of Musical Comedy

By Horace Shipp

Midsummer Madness (Lyric, Hammersmith)
The Street Singer (Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue)

I DO not dare to remember how many years ago it was since I completely and irrevocably broke away from a period of adolescent ultra-puritanism to risk my soul's salvation by my presence at theatrical performances, but I do remember that Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife* and the Shaftesbury production of *The Arcadians* were my first steps along this primrose path, and I do remember that I went to each of these plays at least four times in the subsequent fortnight with emotions easily comparable with those of stout Cortez as recorded by Keats. A certain seriousness of temperament (perhaps the legacy of that period of puritanism) has since inclined me to the *Strife* as distinct from the *Arcadian* form of theatrical art, but crowded years of earnest playgoing have not erased from my mind the vision of the stage orchard with slowly down-fluttering fruit blossom, which elicited a long-drawn-out "Aa-aa-ah" from a thrilled audience, nor that of Mr. Alfred Lester's lugubrious jockey, nor of Miss Phyllis Dare, for whose fair sake the world would have been well lost on those enchanted evenings. Since those Arcadian days dreadful abysses have yawned between my enthusiasm and musical comedy. I have learned exactly how they scatter paper fruit-blossom petals from the flies; I have become censorious on matters like play construction; I have grown to prefer Wagnerian opera to the efforts of, say, Mr. Hermann Finck; I have brought stage dancing up against the standards of choreography of M. Diaghileff, acting and production against the best things seen at home and abroad; and when recently a lecture engagement took me to a remote provincial town where *The Arcadians* was billed I dared not risk disturbing my ghosts of enthusiasm with its faded reality.

If I have been unfaithful after my fashion, however, musical comedy, too, has fallen somewhat from greatness. Even in those days it was flirting with the formlessness of the variety show, and since has contracted that misalliance with the music hall from which revue was born. Few musical comedies entirely escape the influence. The plot, which once flowered naturally and spontaneously into song and dance and produced its beauty chorus and its low comedian with equal inevitability, has become a spiky growth whereon "top-liners" from the variety stage appear with disconcerting irrelevance. The revue proper, abandoning frankly the slightest pretence of natural alliance between its respective parts, has used its libretto as the mere string upon which to hang them; and, it must be confessed, has gained both in form and in intellectual honesty over many of the final debased pretences in musical comedy where the libretto was strained to the utmost limit in order to accommodate a dozen incongruous elements.

It surprises me that musical comedy should have fallen upon such comparatively evil days. Granted that its array of fair ladies and magazine-cover gentlemen, its expensive principals, its first-class comedian, its full orchestra, and its demands in the way of pretty scenes and pretty frocks must have militated considerably against its existence under post-war conditions of theatre finance, but as the right thing in this line filled the theatre over a space of years it seems hardly more a gamble than any other theatrical venture. Daly's and the Gaiety remain true to their traditions, but, for the rest, musical comedy has become a spasmodic growth, well supported still in spite of the rivalry of revue on the one hand and, on the other, of the lighter kind of ballad-opera which is so certainly popular.

One thing remains established: that the public like almost any form of light musical-dramatic fare. The fact is evidenced when we find the Lyric Theatre of Shaftesbury Avenue fame and its Hammersmith namesake coolly filling to capacity in spite of the activities of the thermometer in the regions above 80 degrees. At the one house we have a musical comedy of most orthodox cut, *The Street Singer*; and at the other Mr. Nigel Playfair is adding

to his list of successes *Midsummer Madness*, "a comedy with music," with the comedy by Clifford Bax and the music by Armstrong Gibbs.

Midsummer Madness is of gossamer lightness. As a play within a play it presents again a modernised version of the Columbine-Harlequin-Pantaloon story, with an amorous widow to complete a framework within which every variation of the tender passion is exhibited, with every possible combination and commutation of the four parties. Clifford Bax's book has for some time been available, and reading the play, it seemed too frail to bear the weight of an evening's performance; but with Armstrong Gibbs turning the lyrics into delightful solos, duets, trios and quartettes, with Marie Tempest and Frederick Ranalow excellently supported by Hubert Eisdell and Marjorie Dixon, with George Sheringham supplying beautiful scenery and costumes, it provides so happy an entertainment that there can be no doubt of its success. It is pure virtuosity, but good fun withal—a triumphant combination which should fit every level of brow. It pays an excellent tribute to Nigel Playfair's powers as a producer. There is a perfection of balance about the work and a consciousness of production which never lets down for one moment the innate charm of it. Never is one brought up against any challenging reality from the world of hard fact lying beyond its own domain of fancy, never are its æsthetics forced into any sphere of great art where their frailty would be exposed. It stands secure and self-poised in its environment of faintly cynical romance—a perfect synthesis of author, composer, actors, designer and musicians.

The piece at the Shaftesbury Avenue house is of so different a kind that it seems at first glance impossible to establish any cousinhood between them. Here is musical comedy of the old school, very full-blooded, virile stuff having its links with melodrama and negro minstrels more clearly defined than those with such refined art form as Clifford Bax has in his work. Its story, indeed, belongs absolutely to melodrama. A duchess loves an artist, masquerades as a street singer, offers him 100,000 francs for one of his pictures, and is duly rebuked by his noble freedom of soul, which tears up her cheque and brings his foot through the canvas. This obviously is of the Lyceum.

Add, then, to this the other ingredients of musical comedy technique—pretty and simple tunes, pretty and simple-seeming maidens, pretty scenes, pretty and not simple dresses, neat lyrics, and the capacity for handling such material which has become second nature to people like Phyllis Dare, Harry Welchman, A. W. Baskcomb, Sylvia Leslie, and many others, and you have the real thing in musical comedy of the traditional type. It has no subtlety, no half tones. Its effects are posteresque and direct, based upon a curious and sentimental idealisation of the facts of life. Like that tradition of melodrama which the musical comedy method so completely takes over, it tacitly assumes a world sharply divided into black and white, wherein goodness triumphs and marriage sets the seal of everlasting happiness upon virtuous endeavour. Quite erroneous, we all know; but since we should probably go mad and commit race suicide if we believed our own knowledge on the subject, perhaps melodrama and musical comedy and Ethel M. Dell's novels and Marcus Stone's pictures and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems serve a useful function extending far beyond their obvious confines as the mental pabulum of suburbia.

Optimism is the unescapable necessity of human sanity. If we are too sophisticated to endure Miss Phyllis Dare's singing:

> "Somewhere in life, if we only knew,
> Happiness waits for me and you-u-u."

it is probably to deliver ourselves into the hands of Clifford Bax and the Hammersmith chorus reassuring us:

> "Oh, all our tears and all our sighs
> Will never right the wrong.
> Perhaps the way of healing lies
> In laughter and a song."

We will not pretend that these things are great art, quickening our consciousness of life, making for intensity, linking us with the universals in their unfoldings of great truths, or anything of that nature. But at their respective levels they are jolly divertissements, narcotics, interludes of unreason; and perhaps, as Mr. Bax's title hints, the season permits such indulgence.

Books.

ART.

THE ARTIST'S LONDON. John Castle. 25s.

THIS book has arisen from the necessity of providing something better as a souvenir of a London visit than the album of photographs which convey the body of London without any of the true spirit. Its compilers have realised that it is the artists, seeing London with individual vision, knowing her characteristic sights and moments, understanding her life as well as her appearance, who were most likely to be able to convey her charm. Therefore, we have a volume of eighty contemporary pictures by foremost artists, introduced by four essays on the city. John Drinkwater is severely unsentimental about crowds and fogs, and Wilfred Whitten writes about London's links with the past in a way that will inevitably send char-à-banc loads of ecstatic Americans and Colonials into places like the Borough High Street. If one is a little disappointed about the pictures, it is probably because no anthology can satisfy, and because of a love of London "this side idolatry." I suspect, too, that the reduction in scale has not been sufficiently allowed for in the choice of the pictures, so that one gets an impression often of slightness and the feeling that these cannot be the first-rate works of the first-rate artists whose names they bear. Nevertheless, it is a jolly record of London and London life and types, and is excellently produced.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY. By COSMO HAMILTON. Hutchinson. 18s net.

DECORATED with several of the author's Beardsleyesque caricatures and with good portraits of Cosmo Hamilton and his brothers, Major Arthur Hamilton Gibbs and Sir Philip of that ilk—a singularly gifted trio—this set of reminiscences gives us the experiences of a man to whom authorship came as naturally as breathing—one who has made a very considerable mark as playwright, novelist, and editor, who has known a great number of interesting people at home and abroad, had many strange experiences, and has a frank and friendly way of telling his story and touching upon his friends, making lively and interesting reading without residual dregs of regret. There is a buoyancy about this successful man's confidences, far removed from egotism, but tinged with physical and intellectual fitness, which makes his story a telling tonic. That he writes rapidly and revises regretfully is evident by such slips as "Hunry Asquith" and "Toby Aguecheek," but these are defects of rapid and spontaneous qualities. The inspiration of the moment

seems to be his watchword, the best of all guides when the inspiration comes with unpremeditated art, as it does in the literary and dramatic abundance of this interesting *résumé*.

MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Heinemann. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

SOME day, when we are civilised, we shall all be accessories before the fact, so that murder—including collective murder—will be a horrible memory of the past. Now, as Miss Tennyson Jesse reminds us, "everyone loves a good murder," whilst the study of murder is the legitimate business of every alienist, criminal investigator, actor, and author. This author's study of murder and its motives does some spade work towards the beginnings of comprehension of a subject in which all the world is, quite unscientifically, interested, and, as such, it will be read by a number of people who find in the stimulating drama of killing an irresistible attraction. The author has taken six notable cases to illustrate the category into which the motives of murder may be divided; they are all of them typical, and all presented with careful fullness of detail and with psychological insight. That Miss Jesse has gone into her subject with care, her bibliography at the end of the volume proves, but the average reader need not shrink from this as a merely scientific work; it is a bit of grim story-telling of extraordinary force and lucidity, a popular introduction to the study of criminology.

A LIFE. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. T. Werner Laurie. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS second volume of the altogether witty series of Guy de Maupassant's works (also translated by Marjorie Laurie) adds to the long series of unfortunate heroines a full-length portrait by a master hand. The dispassion and aloofness of the author give terrible verisimilitude to the fate of the gentle woman who survives the disgusts and brutalities of a fatal marriage and the disappointments of an unworthy son, to hope again in her grandchild. A life is too long to tell *in extenso*, but the pictures of youth's sweet hopes and affections, of disillusionment, and misfortune, make a crescendo of misery which springs to faith and new hope in spite of all. The lifelike nature of all the characters is touched in with consummate art, and the sad story seen in panorama is kept at a level too interesting to be gloomy. The reader is on Parnassus with the master story-teller—where there is neither grief nor laughter, only calm omniscience.

FICTION.

"ANOTHER ALICE BOOK, PLEASE!" By A. L. GIBSON. John Castle. 6*s.* net.

WE should all like another *Alice*; another Gilbert and Sullivan opera; another Charles Keene; a number of encores; or we think we should. Those perfect things of the past live on for a number of reasons, principally because of youth's memories and the desire we all have for a static perfection. Another *Alice* we cannot have without her remarkable period—a fact which Mr. Gibson has grasped in making

his Pauline a quite modern child with a modern child's subconscious memories to mingle with her dreams. Pauline, we are told, is a real little girl for whom the author spun this delightful fantasia *à la Alice*. Her mind echoes with marvels which Alice never dreamed of—cinemas, twopenny tubes, psycho-analysis, wireless, jazz music, and all the modern conveniences. She retains some of the old lore of faery, and finds Alice irresistible—not as we found her, but in her own filial manner—and from these elements she dreams a dream with her pet guinea pig Alexander in the chief *rôle*—a really clever dream, complex in the modern manner, and full of echoes of the current conversation of grown-ups at school and at home; allusive, as Alice was, but to a world how different, how much more sophisticated. Mr. H. R. Millar, who has done the capital illustrations, shows us an athletic little girl with bobbed hair and lots of leg; she and Alice are blood relations, but the granddaughter is more mondain and less magical than the grandmother. Anyway, *Another Alice Book, Please!* recaptures for the present generation some of the fun and surprise and much of the ingenuity and freshness of the immortal *Alice*.

AUGUSTUS CARP, ESQ. By "HIMSELF." Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS story of a "really good man" has been hailed as the work of a new humorist, but it is more accurate to describe it as a painstaking pathological study of that form of cretinism which justifies its derivation from Christian—or "Xtian" in Mr. Carp's favourite abbreviation. The ponderous self-satisfaction of this physical and moral degenerate has in its pompous self-revelation the seeds of laughter, but the dreadful irony of his approximation to a product of civilisation only too common, and the manner in which the physical characteristics are rubbed in by elaboration of incident and quasi-photographs—viz., clever drawings, by the way, by Robin—transfers Augustus Carp from the delightful gallery of arch hypocrites and humbugs, of which Pecksniff is one of the chief ornaments, and makes of him an exhibit for the Eugenist. The sustained note of orotundity is excellent, the situations are whimsical, but Augustus Carp's story is quite as much cautionary as comic.

TRIPLE FUGUE. By OSBERT SITWELL. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE six prose writings which (with appendix) make up this volume have admirable themes for a master story-teller. They are essentially the subject-matter for delicate and exquisite penetration. Two ageing belles who cling to past glories meet sudden poverty with pitiful devices for helping each other, in the end sacrificing, one her cherished trinkets, and the other her life for the other's benefit. A murder of boredom revealed to the new young wife by the dead victim's parrot; an analysis of a literary poseur's mean expedients to save his face, and so forth, whilst the *Triple Fugue* itself is an irony on the standardisation of modern individuality, with the grotesque survival of one personality reconstructed from three who are smashed in an aeroplane crash. Good stuff all this for a witty and penetrating mind, and, over-decorated as it is in Mr. Sitwell's hands, with a too profuse jewellery of epigram—some of it of Woolworthian type—the conceptions do get born more

or less effectively. One has to accept the volubility and discursiveness of the author, and to smile at his chat whilst stretching one's mind to get the drama of which he is at once author and spectator. The result is that one gets the meaning of his themes without their emotions, and feels a sort of tolerant resentment of his unfortunate manners. That Mr. Sitwell can write with clear directness and real power, certain passages sufficiently demonstrate. That he is a critic of life and manners is only too egregiously apparent, and that he is a poet of genius the appendix ought to prove to the most sceptical.

THE CRICKET MATCH. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. Jonathan Cape. *7s. 6d.* net.

THIS delectable little story takes the great and much-handled subject of village cricket, and makes of it a thing of depth and abiding charm, by the insight of a good cricketer who is also a good humanist. Cricket is, of course, neither just a game, nor a religion; it is England in epitome—decent ceremonial, clubableness, good faith, hardihood, reverence, endurance, prowess, dulness with flashes of genius, and love of the great out-of-doors. Every quality of Anglo-Saxondom, however long the list, goes to its making, from the lordly ones at Lord's to the meadow behind the elms. No other game is so full of Englishry, so typical, or so worshipful, and Mr. de Selincourt has brought out, with beautiful touches, the inwardness of this most admirable thing. We get glimpses of the village life—a real, modern village, with motor 'bus garage, a town band, and all the latter-day incongruities which are England in the making. We are taken into the homes of the men and women chiefly concerned, and see the extraordinary variety which combines to play the game, from the friends who discuss the subtleties of Verlaine, to the bricklayer's labourer anxious about his clean flannels. We get the delicious touch of vanity and shyness in the distribution of the new club caps, and meet entirely convincing types of squireen, schoolboy, elder, and struggling tradesman, with growlings and envyings and all uncharitableness, sweetened and soothed into local patriotism, good-fellowship, and love of the game—and we get a rattling good match in delightful detail, see almost every ball, and find it all too short. If you have an expatriated friend to whom you wish to give a bit of home which will bring delight and nostalgia, send him *The Cricket Match*, for it is a bit of England of the best and truest, well and truly done.

Living Conditions and Costs:

South African Towns

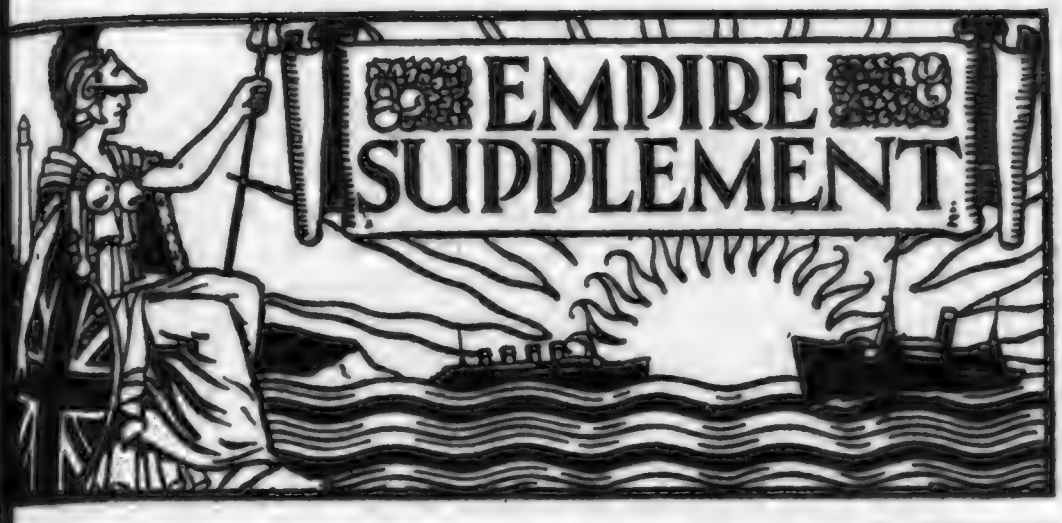
There are many who, from pensions or investments, have incomes of £600 to £1,000 or more a year. Not being tied to any locality for their livelihood, they are free to choose their place of residence. Some have gone to Southern Europe, partly for the climate, partly for the rate of exchange. Others still seek a country in which to live easily and congenially on their incomes.

Increasingly the impression gains ground that the Union of South Africa is such a country. That can now be judged. An official publication on the subject is available. It contains, for twenty typical South African Towns, specific data about climate, environment, amenities; the housing position, cost of living, servants; and such other information as will enable the enquirer to decide whether from the point of economy, health, and comfort some South African town is likely to suit as a place of permanent residence.

Particulars may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for "Residential Book 'L.Z.'" It is free.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

At the British Empire Exhibition these days one sees a brave show of the Fellowship Badge. It is obviously serving its purpose in being the means of introduction between citizens of our different nations, Canadians, Africans, Australians and New Zealanders getting into touch with one another by recognising in the wearer of the Badge a fellow enthusiast for the Empire. The Fellowship, with its aim of encouraging by non-political methods a " family feeling " among the peoples of our Commonwealth of Nations, is already more or less consciously shaping towards a policy of two planks: to favour Empire goods as far as possible, and to encourage in citizens of the Empire a feeling of pride in its past and of responsibility for its safe keeping in the future. It is becoming in effect an agency of protest against any slothful stewardship of our great heritage of Empire. The British Empire Exhibition authorities are wisely taking steps to see that Fellows get something more than they bargained for in the way of free entrance to special events such as the Empire Pageant.—*Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition, 16, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.*



The Dominions and Foreign Affairs

By

Col. W. F. Cockshutt

Ex-M.P. for Brantford, Canada

On page 312.

Empire Notes

Non-Party Imperial Conferences

On several occasions since he took office the Colonial Secretary has expressed the view that some alteration is desirable in the composition of the delegates to Imperial Conferences with the object of lifting the consideration of Imperial affairs outside the sphere of party politics. Mr. Thomas again referred to this matter at the Dominion Day dinner, and announced that the Government was obtaining the views of the Oversea Governments as to the possibility of holding future Imperial Conferences on a non-party basis. The subject is now under consideration by the Dominion administrations. Admirable as the idea seems in theory it appears very doubtful whether it is susceptible of practical application. Like so many proposals emanating from Labour sources it is well-intentioned but woolly.

Let us examine a concrete case. Assume that the representatives of this country and of the Dominions and India at the next Imperial Conference include delegates of all political complexions in the proportions in which their respective parties were returned at the last general elections. If Imperial preference comes up for discussion, as it is bound to, and a conference so composed passes a majority resolution in favour, will the Labour Government of this country regard itself as bound to give effect to such a decision? Or, if only unanimous resolutions are to be regarded as requiring action, what likelihood would there be of obtaining unanimity on any important question from such a mass meeting? Moreover, unless the participating States would agree to be bound by the decisions of a conference so constituted, where would be the advantage over the present system, while if, as seems much more likely, no State would be willing to deprive its Parliament of the power to ratify or reject the decisions of the Conference, there would seem to be nothing to gain by substituting a heterogeneous assembly for the type of Imperial Conference with which we are familiar. The proposal really amounts to an attempt to set up a Federal Parliament for the Empire without a Federal Cabinet, and the friction that would result would probably far outweigh any of its very problematical merits.

Empire Consultations

In the sphere of Empire consultations it is satisfactory to find that an effort was made to avoid a repetition of the blunder in regard to the Lausanne Treaty, and that the Dominions were duly invited to nominate representatives for a preliminary discussion in connection with the Inter-Allied Conference which met on July 16. Apparently this did not satisfy Canadian opinion, for the Montreal *Star*, a week before the Conference, said that the British Government would be playing into the hands of a very dangerous element in the Dominion if they failed to invite Canada formally to the Conference on the Dawes Report. That journal added that any decision against acceptance of such an invitation should be made in Ottawa.

The difficulty of Dominion representation appears to have been solved by a revival of the British Empire Delegation as it existed during the drafting of the Treaty

of Versailles. Mr. Bruce announced in the Australian Parliament on July 16 that Australia would be represented by her High Commissioner in London, that the delegation would sit and be consulted throughout the Conference, and that the British Empire would be represented at the Conference itself by three members on the panel system, so that each Dominion would be represented in turn on the main Conference. The Australian Prime Minister expressed his satisfaction with this solution of a difficult problem.

Commercial Congress

MANY important topics were discussed by the tenth triennial Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire held in London at the beginning of July. Resolutions were passed in favour of a restoration of Imperial penny postage—Sir George Fenwick was able to say that New Zealand's courageous experiment in this direction had justified itself by a considerable increase of revenue—and urged immediate action by the British Government to remove the difficulties which obstruct the establishment of an efficient wireless service within the Empire. The delay in this connection is regarded with some bewilderment oversea. Mr. H. L. Symonds (London) expressed the opinion that the dispute between the Government and the Marconi Company should be referred to arbitration, while Sir Hugh Denison (Sydney) said that if an agreement could not be reached the Government should put up a station of its own. It was resolved that "Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce throughout the Empire should devote an important part of their organised energy towards securing that, as far as possible, all emigrants from the British Isles should find homes and work beneath the British flag," and that it is desirable that emigrants should be able to secure some preliminary training in this country and be financed, partly by the home country and partly by the Dominion receiving them, under a more systematic scheme than has hitherto existed.

Cotton

A MANCHESTER resolution was passed urging the Congress to declare that the question of cotton growing should be dealt with by constant and close co-operation between the Governments of all parts of the

Empire, and pointing out that, as the matter is one in which the economic strength of the Empire is closely involved, it is essential that the vast tracts of land within the Empire suitable for cotton growing should be utilised to an ever increasing extent. Mr. James McBride (Durban) made the interesting prediction that the Union of South Africa would eventually produce 500,000 bales annually. Sir Hugh Denison, who is the president of the Australian Cotton Growing Association, suggested an addition to the resolution of the view that, as far as possible, attempts should be made to produce cotton by white labour alone in the Empire, a proposal which found little favour and was withdrawn after Sir Gordon Fraser (Madras) had reminded the Congress that India, which produces more cotton than any other country except the United States, is a part of the Empire. The attempts to develop a large scale cotton growing industry in Australia are deserving of every encouragement, but those concerned must recognise that the cost of production will have to be maintained at a level that will permit competition with native growers in Africa as well as with Indian growers, and that if Australian growers are to succeed in their aims it will be by displaying superior efficiency, and not by attempts to restrict native production in other parts of the world.

Economic Unity

As Sir Edward Manville pointed out, resolutions in favour of Imperial Preference have been passed by each Congress of Chambers since 1892, and it was therefore not surprising that this year's gathering should devote a good deal of time to this subject. The resolution, which was carried by a large majority, expressed regret at the decision of the House of Commons not to ratify the preferential resolutions of the Imperial Economic Conference, and suggested that the adoption of a preferential duty on Empire products was most desirable for furthering Empire development; that the ideal to be aimed at was eventual freedom of trade within the Empire; and that, meanwhile, a mutual intra-imperial preference on the most generous and liberal basis should be established by reciprocal agreement, thereby constructively co-operating

in making the Empire one economic unit. There was some criticism of the reference to "eventual freedom of trade within the Empire," and it is probable that Colonel Cockshutt (Ontario), who said that free trade within the Empire was not the ideal of Canada, more correctly interpreted the majority view oversea than was indicated by the amount of support which he received for his unsuccessful motion to delete this clause. An excellent resolution, which was unanimously passed, was moved by Mr. Stanley Machin (London) advocating the use in every school throughout the Empire of a standard textbook telling in simple language the story of the Empire, its history, geography, and resources. The resolution also recorded the view that an educational movement for promoting greater unity is desirable. Mr. Machin said that he understood that instructions had been given to Ministers of Education throughout the Empire to consider this question. Colonel Cockshutt described the resolution as the most important before the Congress. There can be no doubt that action on the lines suggested would have a very beneficial effect in countering undesirable influences that are at work amongst the younger generation, to which, as Mr. Machin remarked, we have to look for the development of a sane imperial policy. Yet it is evident that the provision of new textbooks will not offset the damage done by the preponderance of Socialistic views amongst elementary school teachers in this country.

Australasia and Naval Defence

The reaction of Australia and New Zealand to the British Government's decision not to proceed with the Singapore naval base has taken a characteristic form. Australia is to build two new light cruisers of 10,000 tons, at a cost of £3,000,000, to replace the obsolescent *Melbourne* and *Sydney* of the Royal Australian Navy. The New Zealand Parliament is to be asked to consider the desirability of providing an additional cruiser, but Mr. Massey made it clear that if the Singapore decision should be reversed in the near future New Zealand's contribution would go in that direction. He also expressed the opinion that the time had come for the Dominion to assume a greater share of the

cost of naval defence of the Empire, and suggested that its annual contribution should be raised to £500,000, including £100,000 for Singapore if the works there are resumed.

East African Federation

The Federation issue is attracting much attention in Kenya at present, and the Convention of District Associations, after a lengthy debate, has referred the subject to its constituent bodies, who are to be asked to send delegates to a special meeting to be held immediately before the arrival of the East African Commission, which is to visit the country later in the year. The elected members of the Kenya Legislative Council are sharply divided on the matter, some of them being definitely opposed to either economic or political federation, on the ground that Kenya has everything to lose and nothing to gain from closer association with territories such as Tanganyika, whose financial position is unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, the movement in favour of transferring from Dar es Salaam to Nairobi the control, not only of the Kilimanjaro highlands, but of the whole region served by the Tanga railway, is gathering local support. It is probable that the appointment to the vacant Governorship of Tanganyika Territory of a man who would be *persona grata* to the unofficial white inhabitants of the territory would speedily damp down the Kilimanjaro movement. The *personnel* of the East African Commission, which is to study East African problems on the spot, will, it is understood, include Mr. Ormsby-Gore, M.P.; Captain R. Berkeley, M.P.; a Labour representative, and a secretary to be appointed by the Colonial Office.

South African Coalition

In spite of some opposition from within its own ranks, the South African Labour Party has accepted General Hertzog's offer of two seats in his Cabinet, so that the new Union administration is a coalition and not a minority Government depending for its continuance in office on the goodwill of an independent party. It is satisfactory that the post of Minister of Defence should be held by Colonel Cresswell, the Labour leader, rather than by a Nationalist member, who might have been an active rebel in 1914, since, how-

ever wild Colonel Cresswell's ideas on economics may be, he is unlikely to make any radical changes to the disadvantage of English-speaking South Africans in the Defence Force organisation. On the other hand, the fact that he is not Minister for Mines has been hailed with relief in mining and financial circles. There appears to be a general desire in the Union not to condemn the new Government before it has had an opportunity of justifying its existence, and General Hertzog's statements since he took office do not suggest that the policy of his Cabinet, for the present at any rate, will differ greatly in essentials from that of General Smuts. The ex-Prime Minister, who was returned unopposed for Standerton as the result of the self-sacrificing withdrawal of the elected member, Colonel Claasen, made the encouragement of new manufacturing industries one of the chief planks in his programme, and General Hertzog has expressed intentions of the same sort. One possible cause of friction is the native policy of the new Government, this being one of the few questions upon which Nationalists and Labour members hold similar, if not identical, views. Should an attempt be made to interfere with the franchise enjoyed by a number of coloured and native voters in the Cape Province, the results may be far-reaching.

The Dominions and Foreign Affairs

By Col. W. F. Cockshutt,

Ex-M.P. for Brantford, Canada.

My attention has been called to an article in The English Review for June under the above heading by Mr. Clement Jones. As one who has taken a large interest in Empire unity, I have been moved to make some remarks upon his observations and recitals. It is impossible in the compass of a short article to deal with all of the many points referred to by Mr. Jones. In the first place, I may frankly confess that I believe it to be a fair historical report on the incidents that he deals with. There are, however, a few points contained therein that are worthy of special attention, inasmuch as they point to a marked tendency towards the separation and dissolution of the Empire. The first presented itself when, at the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919, it was decided by the British and Dominion authorities to sign the Peace Treaty in six divisions of the Empire rather than as one united whole. This, according to my view, was an extremely dangerous experiment that has already led to some complications, and will undoubtedly in the future lead to more. The Treaty should have been signed by Great Britain's representatives and all the representatives of the Dominions as British citizens, no distinction being made between those of the Mother Country and the Overseas Dominions. These divisions had the effect, in the minds of some overseas statesmen, of making them believe that the Dominions had suddenly sprung into individual nationhood, and were entitled to separate consideration in foreign affairs by all the world Powers. This, however, did not turn out to work as some optimists had expected, for a little later on, as Mr. Jones distinctly shows, Washington failed to respond by issuing separate invitations to the Washington Conference, so that any Canadian or other Dominion statesmen who were present at the Conference came as Empire citizens and not as representing individual units.

In this the Americans certainly did us a great kindness and saved us from our own folly, as in this connection they were fully justified in doing. This in-and-out business will not work. The Empire is either a unit or it is not, and, as long as it is a unit, every part is under a joint obligation to carry out all that is done in the name of the Empire. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? When a partnership has existed for years, as in the case of the Mother Country and the Overseas Dominions, it is not reasonable to expect that foreign countries will recognise us as separate nations until a proclamation is issued to that effect and notice is given that, a dissolution having taken place, we are no longer doing business under the name of John Bull and Sons. Any other course than this would be contrary to procedure in all dissolutions of partnership. It is highly desirable, however, as Mr. Jones sets forth, that all the Dominions should be fully consulted with regard to all treaties and foreign affairs under which joint obligations are incurred, and no surrender of these rights should be asked of any of the Dominions, for only in this way can full confidence be continued. The opening sentence in the article referred to reads as follows :—" The object of this article is to show in brief outline the part that has been played by the Dominions in foreign affairs up to now." Having made this declaration, I am very much surprised to find that Mr. Jones, intentionally or otherwise, omits from his references the two most important separatist movements that have occurred in the history of the Empire in this generation. I refer to the power granted to Canada in 1920, and since, apparently, to Ireland, to appoint their own Ambassadors to Washington, and, secondly, in failing to mention that treaty-making power had been delegated to the Canadian authorities in connection with the Halibut Fishery Treaty with the United States.

These two moves, in my judgment, are more dangerous to our unity than anything that has ever transpired up to date. It must be evident to all that the appointment of an Ambassador can only be made by a sovereign Power. If Canada and Ireland have power to appoint Ambassadors to Washington they must inevitably have power to appoint them to every capital in Europe, and if these two units of

the Empire have this power it follows that the same power must be conferred on Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and probably India. What is a right to one cannot be denied to the other. What a pretty hive it will be with seven or eight Ambassadors in every capital of the world, to say nothing of the expense. Further, we would have seven or eight chances of disagreement among so many, while hitherto we have had no chance of disagreement, as one Ambassador for the whole spoke the opinion of the Empire. Surely no one can contemplate this division of authority without the very gravest misgivings, and I miss my guess if it does not prove to be extremely disastrous. Then, as to the treaty-making power, it must be evident to all that, as long as we are a united Empire, any treaty that binds any part of it must also bind the whole. To commit such a grave business as treaty-making to the various individual units is dangerous and separatist in the extreme, and will undoubtedly result in the gravest kind of difficulties. Fortunately the Senate of the United States saw the joker in the Treaty, and put a clause in to the effect that it was only concurred in on the understanding that it bound Great Britain and all the Overseas Dominions. Thus again has the United States saved us from our own separatist folly. It may also yet prove that she will save us from our folly in the proposed appointment of Ambassadors by failing to reciprocate in making ambassadorial appointments to each individual member of the Empire; who, indeed, can blame her if she does take this view, as the proposal is entirely absurd on the face of it, if we are a united Empire, as is still claimed by many. It is much to be regretted that our Press and public men have failed to discuss in anything but the most brief and cursory manner these vital questions which ultimately must mean so much to the well-being of our Empire and our race. Indeed, I should judge that very few of our electors on either side of the seas have given more than a passing thought to the great changes that these proposals have involved. A conspiracy of silence has certainly been practised in Canada, and, from what I have been able to note in Great Britain on various visits, little attention has been attracted to these most drastic proposals, which involve the most momentous issues. Surely it cannot be that we are bent on embarking on such a dangerous sea of

chaos. There surely must be an irreducible minimum of connection between Great Britain and her Dominions, and we have reached that stage now. It should not be deemed necessary to grant every Dominion every request made by a Prime Minister who may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Suppose one Dominion should be offended by being denied, and even serve notice that it should withdraw, is it not better that one member should perish than that the whole Empire go to destruction? My contention is that these separatist movements to which I have referred are simply whims of the powers that be (for the moment), and should in no case be taken as the voice of the people. In my judgment, no loosing or weakening of the few remaining ties should be granted until the distinct voice of the people has been heard upon the question. We are able to take plebiscites and referendums on Prohibition and other minor questions which have not one tenth part of the importance of the subject to which I have referred. Why is it not possible to ask our citizens if they wish any further severance in those bonds that have linked us so safely and so long in Empire unity? To contend that these concessions have been made in order to reward the Dominions for efforts made during the war is to beg the question. I feel confident that very few, either of the sons of Britain or of her daughter States, had this in view when they fought and died in the Great War, and, indeed, that they would have been among the last to ask for such vital changes. That some fresh adaptation is now absolutely essential to secure Imperial unity cannot be denied, for, as Mr. Clement Jones says in the course of his argument, the present position and status of the British Empire are undefinable, while he might well have added with equal truth that they are also indefensible.

The article contributed by Mr. Harold F. Wyatt on the Empire's future, published in the July number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, makes the foregoing point with great emphasis, especially in its opening sentences dealing with the position that Canada has taken, through her Prime Minister, with regard to the Treaty of Lausanne.

In conclusion I will make one suggestion with regard to the appointment of Ambassadors.

If Great Britain wishes to concur in the proposal that

some of the Dominions be represented by Ambassadors in foreign countries, it would be much safer and wiser to appoint, say, one Canadian and one Australian Ambassador to represent the Empire at, say, Washington in Canada's case, and possibly Japan, in the case of Australia. These are only samples of what might be done with comparative safety, and with the full preservation of our unity. If an Ambassador proved unsatisfactory, or unequal to his work, he could easily be recalled by the Power that appointed him, but, when once the idea is put in operation of the appointment of various Ambassadors by the Dominions irrespectively of the Motherland, there could be no going back.

May I add that the criticisms and statements contained in this article are put forward on my own responsibility as a citizen of the Empire, who wishes its future well, and no other individual is in any way involved in them. I trust that those who may not agree with me will at least give me credit for a desire to preserve that unity which for so many years past has secured the safety and development of all the component parts of the wide-flung British Empire.

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